

MEMOIRS
OF THE
MARQUIS DE ST. FORLAIX.

Translated from the FRENCH
OF
MONS. FRAMERY.
BY MRS. BROOKE.

L'Honneur, de tous les biens, est le plus précieux,
Et par un vieil abus difficile à comprendre,
Nous le pouvons ôter, et ne saurions le rendre.
T. CORNEILLE, Illustres Ennemis, Act I. Sc. iii.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE
MARQUIS DE BOURBON

OR THE
TREATY OF THE PIRENEES

MARQUIS DE BOURBON

AND HIS SON

BY MRS. M. G. C. N. L.

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I

VOL. IV.



MEMOIRS
OF THE
MARQUIS DE ST. FORLAIX.

LETTER LXIX.

To Mons. DE ST. FORLAIX,
at F——.

P——.

IN what place, my dear Colonel, are you
slumbering away life? War is now
every where awake. Victory displays her
wings before you; she points out to you
the scenes whither you ought to pursue
her;

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B

her; and you do not yet follow the glorious track she has marked out. In ten days we shall be at the camp. We shall there emulously dispute the glory of serving our country; and you are still absorbed by love. Listen to the voice of honor. It resembles the sound of the trumpet; like that it is harsh to the ear, but reaches even to the heart. It moves, inflames, and opens it to courage, to the noble rage of ambition.

Pardon me, Sir; I paint to you only what I experience. As greedy as myself of glory, you will not perhaps feel the same transports: two different passions cannot at the same time animate the soul with equal ardor. *You* are sensible to the charms of love; the fire of ambition hurries *me* away. I smile at *your* inclination; you blame the excess of *mine*. Thus every man condemns



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demns or approves, according to the passions with which he is himself affected.

If any thing can justify my rage for glory, it is the necessity in which I am of obtaining it. This reason is drawn from my misfortunes, of which you are ignorant; you cannot therefore comprehend it. A day will doubtless arrive, when, knowing me better, you will approve my pursuit. The bitter remembrance of my ills fades away by degrees from my heart, as hope takes its place: alas! that hope will be perhaps vain, whilst my ills are real.

Fortune however seems sufficiently to second my ambitious views. After less than a month's service, chance led you to distinguish me even in the most obscure, rank of the military profession, and to raise me to a more elevated station. Another

chance gave me an opportunity of doing you a service. The desire alone of assisting you, animated and guided my arm. This action, because useful, was applauded; and was recompensed in proportion to the worth of him I had saved. I became a Lieutenant; I commanded those whose equal I had been two months before.

This new step gave me occasion to shew courage; it was remarked.

Your friendship for me at once exaggerated and rewarded it. I became Captain of your company, before the end of the campaign interrupted our labours.

The winter did not stop the course of my success. I joined an additional knowledge of fortification to that which I had gained

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gained in my youth. My efforts had the happiness to please; I was offered new recompences; which I refused, because they would have removed me from my friend, my first benefactor. But they have not the less been offered. This is all I desire. Was it possible to have made a more rapid progress?

The Prince De —, who is come to command us, has had the goodness to desire to see me. He has given me new hopes for the approaching campaign. Come, my dear friend, to partake the joy which they excite in my soul.

This joy will be a thousand times more perfect when I share it with you.

DE PREMONT.

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L E T T E R LXX.

To Mons. DE PRELE,

at Paris.

Castle of O——

WITH what rapidity do the events of human life succeed each other! One day we are at the height of fortune, only to fall the next into the profoundest abyss of misery: and if fate withdraws us from it, it is to subject us to a new reverse. Nothing, except the opinions of men, can be more uncertain than the revolutions of fortune.

I left F——, as I told you I intended; my heart filled with rage. I approached my

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my estate, and that of Ornance. It was late, the sky was dark : the moon was not yet risen. I was on horseback, and rode with the swiftness of one who was animated by the furies.

I perceived at a distance a man who was on horseback as well as myself : I approached him, and instantly knew him to be Germain.

“ Ah, traitor !” said I, presenting my pistol to his breast, “ you shall now receive the reward of your perfidy.”

Germain, with all the serenity of true courage, turned away my hand, took his pistols from the holsters, and presented them to me. Then, knowing me, let fall his arms, and threw himself at my feet. “ Ah, my dear master !” cried he, “ what was I going to do ?”

“ Vile hypocrite ! perfidious monster !”
said I, “ leave these pretended expref-
“ fions of zeal and attachment, which
“ ferve only to render you more odious to
“ thofe who know you : be wicked with-
“ out a mask, and mankind will be con-
“ tent with defpifing you.”

“ Overwhelm me with your anger, Sir,”
faid he ; “ take away my life if I have me-
“ rited it : but explain yourfelf. What
“ have I done ?”

“ What have you done, wretch ? Restore
“ me Julia, whom you have ravifhed
“ from me. Speak : what is become of
“ her ? You feem furprized. You had
“ then occafion for four days to meditate
“ this enterprize ? By what refinement of
“ cruelty did you give her to me, only
“ to

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“ to force her from me again? Do not
“ expect to impose on me; I know you
“ continued at F—— to watch all my
“ proceedings, of which you have never
“ lost sight. I know also that you left it
“ on the evening of the very day in which
“ she was carried off. You see I am well
“ informed, and it is to no purpose to dis-
“ semble. Confess all, if you would pre-
“ serve a life which my fury ought al-
“ ready to have taken from you.”

“ What you say, Sir, is exactly true,”
said he, “ except the carrying off Mademoi-
“ selle Julia, of which attempt, and its au-
“ thors, I am totally ignorant. When you
“ desired me to put into your hands the
“ daughter of my master, I felt myself
“ incapable of so black an act of treachery.
“ I therefore asked of you four days,
“ which I employed in consulting the only

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“ man who had a right to dispose of her,
 “ Monf. D’Ornance. I received his or-
 “ ders, and in all I did, only obeyed him.
 “ In obedience to those orders, I watched
 “ all your actions. I learned the retreat of
 “ Mademoiselle D’Ornance. You have
 “ both done what her father expected of
 “ you. I thought it useless to observe you
 “ longer. I parted, as you know, for
 “ Ornance, where I arrived to-day. If
 “ you ask proof of all I have advanced,
 “ I will attend you to-morrow at St. For-
 “ laix, and satisfy you.”

There was nothing in what Germain
 said which could give his relation the least
 air of probability, except the manner in
 which he said it; but this manner had
 such firmness and appearance of truth, that
 I neither knew what to believe, nor what
 to reply.

“ Go,”

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“Go,” said I; “but, if you are culpable, do not expect to escape me; if you are innocent, I shall expect you to-morrow at noon. Your presence will determine the opinion which I ought to have of you.”

At these words we separated.

This conversation, though short, had detained us till the night was become considerably more dark. I was in haste to get to St. Forlaix. I urged on my horse, without observing that he was already fatigued beyond his strength. He felt under me: I was unable to make him advance. Constrained to leave him there, I repented not having accompanied German to Ornance, supposing it nearer than St. Forlaix. I was alone: I had taken my

measures so as not to be followed by any body. I was obliged to walk as chance directed, in order to find some house where I might either be furnished with a guide, or suffered to pass the night.

I had already gone about a league, without seeing a house, or knowing what road I took, when I perceived, by the light of the moon which began to rise, a castle newly built, which was unknown to me. I knocked a great while at the gate, it was at length opened. I desired to speak with the master of the house.

“ We have no master, Sir; but a lady,
“ and she is gone to bed.”

“ It is no matter,” said I to the porter;
“ your lady cannot be displeased at your
“ giving shelter for the rest of the night

“ to

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“ to a man who is fatigued, has lost his
“ way, and been obliged to leave his horse
“ behind.”

“ O, Sir, quite the contrary. My lady
“ has a particular pleasure in receiving
“ young strangers of your appearance.”

Having said this, the good man led me
into a bed chamber, on the ground floor,
which looked into the garden, and appeared
magnificently furnished.

“ Pardon me, Sir,” said my conductor,
“ that I put you here for this night. If
“ my lady had not been asleep, she would
“ have accommodated you better.”

I thanked him, and intreated him to
leave me alone, without even enquiring the
name of his mistress.

I was

I was absorbed in reflections on my misfortunes. It was in vain I went to bed: notwithstanding my fatigue, I could not close my eyes. My agitation of mind soon obliged me to rise.

I got out of my window, in order to take a turn in the garden: it was in the greatest disorder; they appeared to have been at work there on the ruined foundations of the ancient castle. On one side was an old turret, which they had suffered to remain. I directed my steps thither.

I perceived a light in one of the chambers. Approaching nearer, I saw a woman, the nobleness of whose air, and elegance of whose dress, convinced me she could not be one of the attendants of the house. This woman walked about the
room,

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room, seated herself, took a book, quitted it suddenly; in short, appeared in great emotion,

My curiosity was too great to let me defer a moment satisfying it; some stones heaped up, which were opposite the window of the turret, raised me sufficiently to enable me to distinguish all that passed in the chamber, and to see the face of this unknown when she rose from her seat. I was not long in expectation. The inquietude which agitated her did not suffer her to rest long in any situation. She walked very fast, she seemed to sigh, she raised her eyes to Heaven, she turned towards me — Conceive, my dear Sir, my surprize, my emotion, my joy, all the sentiments which at once overwhelmed me, at beholding Julia! I cried out, I extended my arms as if to fly to her, and fell.

I remained some time on the ground without motion. Julia, whom the noise I made had brought to the window, cast her eyes upon me, and, by the light of the moon, which shone very bright, knew me: her astonishment equalled mine.

“Heavens! what do I see?” cried she.

“St. Forlaix! is it you?”

That voice, so dear to me, re-animated me. I raised myself, without being sensible of my fall. I had still strength sufficient to climb up the turret, even to the height of the window, supporting myself with difficulty in the chasms which time had made in its sides.

The bars which opposed my entrance served at least to prevent my falling. By holding

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holding them, my situation was rendered sufficiently safe to enable me to converse at my ease with Julia a part of the night.

“Is this a dream, an enchantment?” said I to her. “Julia! do I indeed find you again!”

“But you, St. Forlaix, by what chance do I see you at this late hour, in this place, and in the house of our most implacable enemy?”

“Who do you mean,” cried I with terror?

“Can you not by this name distinguish Madame D’Eff—?”

My astonishment was compleated; I could comprehend nothing of all this;
I in-

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I intreated Julia to explain it to me. She satisfied me in the following manner :

“ I demanded of you three days of
 “ absence, an absence which was equally
 “ painful to us both : I had a thousand
 “ things to say to you. Never had I
 “ so much desired to see you. I thought
 “ myself near the moment which was to
 “ terminate my impatience : Heaven or-
 “ dained otherwise. I was taken away by
 “ a *lettre de cachet*, as you have without
 “ doubt heard. Neither my prayers nor
 “ importunities were sufficient to draw
 “ from my conductor the occasion of this
 “ violence.

“ I arrived at length at this castle. A
 “ woman was at the window ; at the sight
 “ of our chaise, she descended hastily.
 “ She ran to meet us, with an eagerness, a
 “ joy,

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“ joy, which I knew not to what motive
“ to attribute. This woman was Madame
“ D’Eff—: she seized my hand as soon as
“ we alighted; she grasped it with vio-
“ lence, as if to be more sure of me.
“ “ I have her secure !” said she to herself.
“ She afterwards, without remarking the
“ civility with which I addressed her, put
“ me into the hands of her women. “ Do
“ not let her go, cried she; take her
“ into the saloon, and shut the door after
“ you !” She then stepped into her coach
“ which waited, and drove away, leaving
“ me in the utmost astonishment.

“ I expected quietly the conclusion of
“ this adventure, which appeared to me a
“ dream. The women who surrounded
“ me encircled me close as if I possessed
“ either the desire or the power to escape
“ them. I looked around, in a gloomy
“ silence,

“ silence, which was equally observed by
 “ the women who guarded me. I gave
 “ myself up to a thousand different con-
 “ jectures, none of which could enable me
 “ to conceive how, or for what reason, I was
 “ in this species of captivity. I was not
 “ long without information.

“ I heard Madame D’Eff—’s coach stop.
 “ She entered. She had with her your
 “ grandfather, Mons. De l’Etang, whose
 “ feeble steps she supported.

“ I advanced with open arms to meet
 “ him. ‘ Good morrow, my dear child,’
 “ said he; seat yourself. Let us consult
 “ on your affair.

“ Madame D’Eff—, offended, I sup-
 “ pose, at my behaviour, reprimanded me
 “ with great bitterness.

“ ‘ What

“ ‘ What has given you this confidence?’ ”

“ ‘ What, Madam, should have deprived
“ me of it?’ ”

“ ‘ Let that rest,’ said Monf. De l’Etang.
“ They seated themselves, the women went
“ out, and Madame D’Eff— began the
“ conversation.

“ ‘ At length we have her secure, Monf.
“ De l’Etang.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, Madam, she is here. Poor
“ child! she had always a very modest air!’ ”

“ ‘ You have the more follies to ap-
“ prehend from your grandson.’ ”

“ ‘ The same softness! You will take
“ great care of her, Madam.’ ”

“ ‘ Yes; I promise you, I will take care
“ St. Forlaix shall never come near her.’ ”

“ ‘ He

“ ‘ He is in some degree excusable.’ ”

“ ‘ The ingrate ! to whom I offered my-
 “ self and my fortune, and who has pre-
 “ ferred to me a little dishonored girl !’ ”

“ ‘ Oh, Madam, fie, fie !’ ”

“ ‘ I don’t comprehend you, Monf. De
 “ l’Etang, is it not *your* interest for which
 “ I am thus zealous ?’ ”

“ ‘ Yes, yes, Madam.’ ”

“ ‘ Is it not you who, by my advice, ob-
 “ tained this order, to prevent your grand-
 “ son from marrying her ? and did we not
 “ agree she would be safer here than in a
 “ convent ?’ ”

“ ‘ Certainly, Madam !’ ”

“ ‘ Very well ; and with your attention,
 “ your compliments, you are going to
 “ spoil all.’ ”

“ ‘ No,

“ ‘ No, no ; have no fear of that,’

“ ‘ Intrust me then with the full power
“ of acting as I please.’

“ ‘ Do, Madam ; but above all let her
“ be taken care of, and not ill treated !’

“ ‘ Hold, Sir, my coach is ready ; your
“ gout may return. I advise you to go
“ home.’

“ ‘ I will, Madam. Adieu ! my lovely
“ child,’ said he, taking my hand with an
“ air of affection.

“ ‘ I regarded Madame D’Eff— at that
“ moment. She had a look of fury which
“ made me smile.

“ ‘ What impertinence !’ said she.

“ ‘ Well,

“ ‘ Well, Madam, said the Baron, she
 “ bears her misfortunes with patience.
 “ Don’t add to her afflictions.’

“ Madame D’Eff— could hold no
 “ longer. She hastened to conduct Mons.
 “ De l’Etang to the coach, and returned
 “ in all the transports of a rage which had
 “ long been restrained.

“ She loaded me with the most out-
 “ rageous abuse, which she concluded in
 “ these words: ‘ *I will make you repent*
 “ *having robbed me of my lover.*’

“ I replied to her invectives only by
 “ asking if she would not at least leave
 “ me some books, to amuse my chagrin.
 “ ‘ Die of chagrin, said she, Madam:
 “ what does it concern me?’

“ I was

" I was conducted instantly to this turret, a remainder of the ancient castle.

" I had not been many moments alone, when all my pride forlook me. I wept bitterly ; I foresaw many wretched days ; I reflected on your absence, on your despair. I did not dare to encourage the hope of ever seeing you again. It was in these sad reflections my first day passed.

" The following morning I found myself a little more tranquil. I gained, by some trifling presents, the woman who came sometimes to attend me. I was in hopes, after the parade the Marshalls had lately made of her devotion, it would be possible for me to procure some books of morality, which would have consoled me in my sufferings.

“ Those of this kind were, as I found
“ on enquiry, exposed with ostentation in
“ her house at Paris; but not one could
“ be found in the castle. Half of those
“ which they brought might, perhaps, be
“ pleasing to the Marshalls, but were such
“ as I had not been accustomed to read.
“ The rest were only frivolous romances,
“ without character, without moral; which
“ did not affect my heart, but which served,
“ however, to render the horrible length
“ of my days less insupportable.

“ It is thus I live, without seeing any
“ human being. They bring me twice a
“ day whatever I want; and the servants
“ who are intrusted with this care have or-
“ ders not to answer me a single word.”

“ Ah,

“ Ah, Julia !” cried I, with fury, “ is it
“ possible you are reduced to this extremi-
“ ty ? and that I am the cause ?”

“ Do not lose the time in useless com-
“ plaints,” interrupted she. “ Inform me,
“ in your turn, how you came to be at
“ this house, without knowing to whom it
“ belonged.”

I then made her the same recital which
I have given you.

“ But, Julia,” continued I, “ shall we
“ take no measures to deliver you from
“ your slavery ?”

“ There are none to be taken,” said she;
“ I am too carefully guarded. My fate
“ depends absolutely on Madame D’Ess—,
“ or on the applications you may make
“ against her. Attempt no other means.

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“ Adieu ! Retire. It is, above all, of importance that we should not be found together. Enter the house. Go instantly. It is necessary.”

It was not possible for me to tear myself thus from all I loved. It was not till after a thousand questions, a thousand tender protestations of love, a thousand reiterated commands, that I brought myself to consent to it. I returned to my chamber, where I passed the rest of the night in writing this letter.

Lose no time, my dear uncle. You see my happiness is in your hands. We have friends, and the Marshalefs is guilty : this is saying every thing.

Adieu !

ST. FORLAIX.

P. S.

P. S. I would have gone away this morning without seeing Madame D'Eff—. The porter opposed my design.

“No stranger comes here, Sir,” said he, “without seeing my lady.”

I begged him at least to send my letter to the nearest post-house. The postillion sets off with it directly. I am then going to see Madame D'Eff—. What shall I say to her?

L E T T E R LXXI.

To Mons. DE PRELE, at Paris.

St. Forlaix.

THE postillion, who took the care of my letter to you, was just set off. I was still in the court of the castle, when I perceived Germain, who rode full speed towards me. I neither expected him so soon, nor in this place.

I had no longer any occasion for proofs of his innocence. I was sufficiently convinced of it. I was, however, charmed to see him. He had mentioned to me a letter of Mons. D'Ornance, which permitted, he said, my taking his daughter from the convent. This letter excited my curiosity.

“ Ah,

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“ Ah, Sir!” cried Germain, alighting hastily from his horse, “ they are in the “ greatest inquietude at St. Forlaix on your “ account. How happy am I to find you “ again! You will see,” giving me Mons. D’Ornance’s letter, “ you will see I am “ not culpable.”

“ I know it, my dear Germain,” replied I, pressing his hand: “ pardon my fury: “ the unhappy are at variance with all the “ world.”

“ If you are no longer so with me,” “ Sir,” said he, shedding tears of affection, “ I am satisfied.”

Then, without informing him of Madame D’Eff—’s wickedness, lest we should be overheard, I read Mons. D’Ornance’s letter.

“ TO GERMAIN.

“ HAS my daughter then forgot her fa-
“ ther? has she lost the habit of conform-
“ ing to his desires? or will she carry
“ her despair farther than he does? Her
“ fears are ill-founded, since I am still
“ living. It will be always time enough
“ to take this step. I wait with patience
“ the will of Heaven: ought she not to
“ imitate my example?

“ It is however unnecessary, in our pre-
“ sent circumstances, to give her advice on
“ this subject. I am absolutely resolved,
“ she shall not embrace this state of life,
“ till I have stronger reasons to permit it.
“ It is not amiss that the obstacle to it
“ should come from St. Forlaix: there
“ are several advantages in this; the
“ greatest

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“ greatest is, that by this means I shall
“ continue master of my secret. We will
“ suffer this young man to commit a tri-
“ fling fault, which will only confirm him
“ in virtue. All danger from this indis-
“ creet action is obviated by our know-
“ ledge of it, which gives us the power
“ of stopping this intercourse if carried
“ too far.

“ This affair, conducted with address,
“ can have no ill consequence: we are un-
“ known in the town; and I have as much
“ dependance on the virtue of my daughter,
“ and the probity of St. Forlaix, as on
“ your prudence.

“ Take care that even the appearance
“ of decorum is not wounded. That is
“ sufficient. If my daughter is ever mar-
“ ried, it will be to St. Forlaix; and as
“ this

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“ this is the case, I am not sorry he lays
“ himself, in some sort, under a necessity
“ of never marrying any other. We will
“ not, however, give too much way to
“ this hope. But who knows the events
“ of human life?

“ Continue to conceal the place of my
“ abode, even from my daughter. Let
“ us not intrust to a woman in love what
“ we have an interest in hiding from her
“ lover.

“ Quit St. Forlaix the instant you have
“ put Julia into his hands. But never
“ lose sight of him a moment.

“ It would be absurd to prescribe rules
“ for your conduct, since it must depend
“ on the circumstances which arise. The
“ knowledge

"knowledge I have of your discretion,
 "leaves me nothing to fear.

"D'ORNANCE."

This letter, in which were many things which I did not comprehend, but which was on the whole very flattering, transported me. I intreated Germain to leave it with me a few days: he consented, and returned instantly to St. Forlaix, to relieve Monf. De l'Etang from his inquietude.

I returned to the castle, enraged at not being suffered to leave it. I was obliged to see this inhuman woman.

I asked to wait in the garden the time of her rising; but I was not permitted to enter it. "Nobody goes into the garden," said the servant, "but with my lady."—I

could have gone out of my window, as I had done in the night; but I wished not to be suspected.

At length Madame D'Eff—rang her bell. I entered her antichamber. My heart beat violently at the idea of the approaching scene. They told her I was there. I heard her ask, “Who is he?”

“It is a young stranger, who passed the night here, and desires to pay his respects to your Ladyship before he goes.”

“Let him enter instantly. But tell me, am I properly dressed to receive a stranger? No matter, let him enter: how came you not to tell me this sooner?”

Whilst she was still speaking, I entered the room. I was behind her chair before she

she saw me. She turned her head, and perceived me with a surprize which nothing could equal; she changed color five or six times; she seemed afraid I should read her perfidy in her eyes, and was in the utmost perplexity in what manner to address me. In any other circumstances, her embarrassment would have delighted me extremely. But I was no longer in a situation to enjoy it: my limbs failed me; I approached a chair, which stood near her toilet, where she was sitting, and, without attending to the common forms of politeness, threw myself into it.

“ Madam,” said I with a voice almost extinct with passion, “ I have two words “ to say to you, and request we may be “ alone.”

Her women looked at each other with astonishment. They had seen their Lady
contract

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contract some very sudden intimacies; but none of them had been so rapid, or made in so light and unceremonious a manner. To raise their surprize to the height, they were ordered away.

When they were gone, I rose, shut the door, and threw myself again into my chair; my heart swelled with rage, scarce breathing, and without power to utter a word.

Nor had the Marshalls yet spoken: she could not form a conjecture as to the intention of my visit, or the style I meant to assume. Was I informed of her treachery, or not? Did I come to quarrel with her, or to repair the pretended injuries of which she complained? These were without doubt her reflexions at that moment.

She

She then broke silence, with a question equally vague and equivocal: "If I am not mistaken, Sir — Mons. St. Forlaix? — Ah! it is indeed my dear little Colonel!"

"Be sincere, Madam; I shall speak plainly. You must either restore me Julia this instant; or expect all that my interest, or that of my friends, can do; all with which my fury may inspire me."

"But, Sir, what would you say?"

"That I wish you to be sincere, Madam; I have already desired it. I know all; Julia is here, she is here — the victim of your cruelty — I have seen her; I know all — I know all, Madam — Restore her to me this instant — or — I will make you restore her —"

She could no longer doubt that I really knew the whole of her proceedings.

After a moment's silence, she regarded me with all the tenderness she could assume. She then smiled.

"Your looks, your smiles, your airs of contempt, Madam, are not answers," said I with vehemence.

"But, my little friend, you are really a fool."

"It is no matter, Madam; you must restore her to me."

"I tell you again, you are a fool; for I am more powerful than you. Believe me, my dear, if a woman's interest at court is subject to change like that of a man, it is however, whilst it continues,
much

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“ much greater. In what manner, do you
“ come here? Like a little furious mad-
“ man, who sends away my women, shuts
“ the door of my apartment, and threatens
“ me in my own house. What can you
“ do? do you intend to take her away by
“ force? and is this the proper way of
“ proceeding with a woman of my rank?—
“ You ask for this girl; you say you have
“ seen her here. Very well; yes, she is
“ here: but if she is, it is on purpose to
“ secure her from you. You ought to
“ suppose I would not have taken such a
“ step without being very cautious in my
“ measures. This girl is dishonored, lost
“ to the world. Mons. De l’Etang has
“ obtained an order which gives him the
“ disposal of her, and he has intrusted her
“ to me. Will you act in opposition to
“ your grandfather? And even if I alone
“ were concerned in this transaction, I re-
“ peat

“peat to you, that I fear neither your
“friends nor you.”

“If their influence is insufficient, I will
“have recourse to means which may cost
“you still more dear.”

—“And what are those means?” replied
she, smiling, and playing off a hundred co-
quet airs. “You do not intend to besiege
“me in my castle, my good little Colonel?
“We are not going surely to make war on
“each other? Be persuaded, that neither
“address, nor even force, can tear her
“from me. But if you had possessed only
“a fragment of good sense, you would
“have taken quite another road. You
“would have come to ask her of me with
“all the politeness which I had a right
“to expect of you; and you would per-
“haps have obtained her. But no, you
“come

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"come to fright me with that furious air—

"is that the air, little ingrate, which you

"ought to have with me?"

"Ah, Madam! I will have whatever

"you please, provided I may obtain her."

"Indeed?"

"Alas! I see you ridicule me; but I

"shall die if it must—"

"A little too tragic that, my dear St.

"Forlaix: they do not die in these days!"

"You affect an ignorance, Madam,

"that—"

"Would it not be better to seek con-

"solation, than to shew this agreeable de-

"spair?"

I found

I found I had no part to take but that of endeavoring to soften her. I threw myself on my knees.

“ In pity, Madam, restore me her I
“ love!—It would be cruel to disunite us.
“ The more friendship you have for me,
“ the more merit there will be in making
“ us happy—my gratitude then will
“ know no bounds.”

These words said more than I meant. The Marshalls understood them in their full extent. I was still on my knees. You once told me, this attitude would succeed with her; it succeeded in reality beyond my intentions.

“ You are on your knees to me, cruel
“ man!” said she with an air of tenderness;

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derness; "and it is to ask me to give
"you up my rival."

I did not reply; I kissed her hands, I
pressed them to my heart.

"Monf. St. Forlaix, you are too pre-
"suming!" (and I assure you I was not
at all so.) "Once more, I insist absolute-
"ly on your leaving me this moment:
"will you force me to ring my bell?—
"Do not you know that I am *devout*?"

I rose, I looked at her with surprise,
comprehending nothing of all this jargon:
the fear of having discouraged me, made
her calm her pretended anger.

"I fall into your arms!" said she; "I
"can no longer resist your wishes!"

"Indeed?"

“ Indeed? shall I be thus happy? will
“ you indeed restore me Julia?”

“ Heavens! it is of her then!”

This exclamation made us both see our error. I cast on her a look of unspeakable contempt, and went out, leaving her in all the rage which may be supposed to have animated a woman, and an Italian, rejected.

My departure was so abrupt, that I did not even think of attempting any means to see Julia again. They would undoubtedly have been ineffectual.

I arrived at St. Forlaix, where I found two letters from Monf. De Premont, one of which gave me notice to be in a few
days

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days at the head of my regiment. Employ every method, therefore, my dear Sir, to serve me. My only hope is in you.

Adieu !

Yours, &c.

ST. FORLAIX.

LET.

L E T T E R LXXII.

To Mons. ST. FORLAIX, at the
Head Quarters.

St. Forlaix.

I LEARNED, by your two last letters, with as much indignation as surprize, the odious conduct of Madame D'Eff—, in which Mons. De l'Etang is also comprehended. Without losing a moment, I engaged all our friends to solicit for you. I gained nothing by this, but the shame of being obliged to agree with the Marshalls, that she is more powerful than we.

Is it possible that this woman, who, when in the world, was only gay, trifling, and indiscreet,

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indiscreet, should have become wicked to such excess now she has left it? It must be confessed, that in the same degree that true devotion diffuses dignity and serenity over the soul, false and pretended zeal degrades and darkens it. There is a perfidy in this action of Madame D'Eff—, of which she would have been incapable a year ago. A true passion, without excusing such a conduct, would at least have furnished a reason for it. But one cannot suspect Madame D'Eff— of such a sentiment; one must therefore charge all that is detestable in her behaviour on her new manner of life, which has only im poisoned the inclinations of her heart.

As our affairs kept me no longer at Paris, and I had obtained nothing at court, I set out for St. Forlaix, in order to come to an explanation with Mons. De l'Etang

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on this violent conduct. My suspicions were well-founded. Madame D'Eff— alone has done all. The Baron, now incapable of acting for himself, suffers himself to be guided by the person who best knows how to acquire an influence over his mind.

Madame D'Eff—, who is lately become his neighbour, perceived his weakness, entered into a strict intimacy with him, and, to your misfortune, in a little time succeeded so far as to govern him absolutely.

But let me give you a detail of what has passed here during my absence. I had it from Monf. De l'Etang, who has concealed nothing from me.

He had just received my first letter on the subject of your marriage with Julia; and was reading it a second time, sitting on

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on the seat at the end of his avenue: you know he always reads aloud; a custom not very unusual amongst old men.

A peasant, who had approached him without his having perceived it, interrupted him: "Permit me, Sir," said he, "to ask you, what there is in that letter which relates to Monf. D'Ornance and his daughter?"

Monf. De l'Etang, astonished, raised his eyes, and regarded him attentively. "What!" said the pretended peasant, "do not you recollect in me the unfortunate man of whom you have been speaking?"

The Baron took out his spectacles, put them on, knew Monf. D'Ornance, and embraced him affectionately.

“ But wherefore this disguise ? ” said he. “ By what accident are you here, “ when all the world imagines you at such “ a distance ? What has brought you “ hither ? ”

“ All this is at present a mystery, “ which I cannot explain to you,” said Monf. D’Ornance. “ Let it suffice to “ know, that I am here only for a moment. “ I came on some business to Ornance, “ and, as I wished to be unknown, chose “ to disguise myself in the manner you “ see. I have very little time to pass “ with you ; let me therefore intreat you “ to inform me what was the subject of “ the letter in which my name was so of- “ ten mentioned.”

Monf. De l’Etang did not hesitate a moment to let him see it.

“ And

“ And what answer,” said he, “ do you
“ intend to return ?”

The Baron was extremely embarrassed. He did not dare either to express to Monf. D’Ornance his repugnance to this marriage, or to confess that he intended to send a refusal.

“ We are, I am convinced, of the same
“ opinion,” said Monf. D’Ornance, who
guessed his constraint, and wished to relieve it. “ But, if you only write to them
“ that you disapprove it, they will be of-
“ fended that you withhold a consent, for
“ which, strictly speaking, they have no
“ occasion. You ought at least to give
“ your reasons.”

“ What would you have me say ? I am
“ not used to these kind of reasonings ;

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“ and besides, you do not merit that I
“ should —”

“ Do not let me come at all into
“ question, Baron ; I repeat it, I am abso-
“ lutely of your opinion. Shall I answer
“ them ?”

The Baron accepted the offer ; and Mons.
D'Ornance assisted him to walk back to
the castle..

Thus it was to the father of my Julia
I owed the letter, which astonished me so
much when I supposed it wrote by Mons.
De l'Etang. When we were so eager to
find him, in order to ask his consent to
your marriage, we did not suppose how far
he would have been from giving it.

You

You know I wrote a second letter : but
 Monf. D'Ornance was no longer there ;
 it was then the reign of Madame D'Eff—.
 The Baron confided to her his new em-
 barrassment.

“ You are too good,” said she, “ to per-
 “ plex yourself about them. If you re-
 “ fuse your consent, your grandson will
 “ act without it, and you will be the
 “ cause of his committing the greatest of
 “ follies.

“ Since he is so earnest to marry this
 “ girl, he certainly knows where she is.
 “ You must have her carried off. She is
 “ unknown, unsupported, without family,
 “ without protection. Who do you sup-
 “ pose will undertake her defence, since
 “ her father is obliged to conceal himself?

D 4.

“ I charge

“ I charge myself with the care of obtain-
 “ ing the order ; but I must not appear in
 “ it : all must be done in your name.
 “ You must determine whether to accept
 “ my offer, or to suffer your grandson to
 “ contract a marriage by which your whole
 “ family will be dishonored.”

The Baron made no resistance. Whilst
 she was soliciting the order, her spies dis-
 covered Julia's retreat, and your intelligence
 with her. The order was obtained, all
 was prepared, and succeeded, as a thing of
 course, and without consequence.

It was determined between the Baron and
 Madame D'Eff—, that Julia should be con-
 fined in her house ; and to carry this un-
 worthy transaction through, no more was
 necessary than to corrupt those who were
 charged

charged with the execution of the *lettre de cachet*.

This proceeding is contrary to the laws, and on that I founded my greatest hope. I was however wrong. The interest of the *devout lady* carried it against me every where; I have not even been heard. This was all I demanded, and this her friends took the greatest care to prevent.

Monf. De l'Etang, who repents with as much facility as he acts, is now sorry he gave his consent to this violence. But, from the same weakness of mind, he will not be brought to retract it. He is still afraid that, in spite of all his opposition, you should marry Mademoiselle D'Ornance. I in vain represent to him, that it is impossible without her father's consent. He will not hear me. He repents, be-

cause he is humane, and fees with what harshness Madame D'Ess— treats Julia. He refuses, because he is infatuated with his antiquated prejudices.

His gout, which has held him ever since I came, has hitherto prevented our visiting the Marshalls. I wish at least to see her. She always appeared to have confidence in me. Perhaps I shall be able in some degree to influence her. There is certainly great presumption in flattering myself with this; but I have some hope at least to soften Julia's slavery.

I do not know whether you ought to give yourself up to hope, or endeavor to forget your mistress. Expect all from time: it will either render you master of your wishes, or of yourself.

Adieu!

DE PRELLE.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXIII.

To Mons. ST. FORLAIX, at the
Head Quarters.

St. Forlaix:

I HAVE seen Madame D'Eff—. Mons.
De l'Etang and I went two days ago to
pay her a visit. She received me with open
arms: "She was," she said, "enchanted
that I came to drive the horrors of soli-
tude from her hermitage." She ap-
pears indeed to have experienced them
pretty sufficiently: one may even read it in
her figure — she is grown very old. The
tedious hours she spends make her envious
and malignant. She will find it difficult to
preserve her plumpness: nothing makes
people grow lean like malice.

D 6.

She

She had not too much reason to be pleased with the manner in which I received her careffes. She observed my coldness, and prepared herself to answer me.

When we were alone (one is soon so with the old Baron), “What is the matter, Mons.
“ De Prele? I do not see in you that open
“ air and manner which used to distinguish
“ you.”

“It is because you are not the same I
“ once knew you. This is the first time
“ I have ever observed you guilty of an
“ action vile and base, as well as fruitless.
“ You cannot but understand me. What
“ injury has my nephew ever done you?
“ what, above all, has Mademoiselle D’Or-
“ nance done, to deserve this treatment?
“ Because she is to be pitied, because she

“ is

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“ is deserted, must you add persecution to
“ her other misfortunes ?”

“ How, Sir, do you then desire this little
“ creature should turn your nephew's head?
“ that she should ensnare him into the most
“ shameful of all marriages ? This is, how-
“ ever, what she hoped : it was to this
“ tended all her arts, all her schemes, all
“ the power which she usurped over the
“ mind of this young man ; and because
“ Mons. De l'Etang intreated me as a
“ favor to hinder this alliance, and I
“ was ready to do you all a service, I am
“ to be the object of your anger and in-
“ vectives.”

“ Do not dissemble, Madam : you know
“ it is not she who desires this marriage ;
“ St. Forlaix himself does not think of it.
“ It was I who advised him to it : the
“ obstacles

“ obstacles you have raised are useless, be-
 “ cause there are much stronger — her re-
 “ fusal, and that of her father. It is not
 “ Mons. De l’Etang who has *intreated* you
 “ as a favor ; it is you who have engaged
 “ him to commit this act of perfidy : and
 “ from what motive ? It is too visible to
 “ allow you to hide it. You would your-
 “ self espouse my nephew : the shortest and
 “ most certain means of arriving at this
 “ point, would be to endeavor to get pos-
 “ session of his heart, instead of his mis-
 “ tress ; on whom neither nature or the
 “ laws have given you any rights.”

“ But, Sir, since she refuses, as you say,
 “ to marry your nephew, and he has him-
 “ self given up this hope, of what conse-
 “ quence is it to him, or you, whether she
 “ is in my house, or elsewhere ?”

“ It

“ It is of consequence to every man of
 “ honor and sensibility, Madam, that per-
 “ sons equally virtuous with himself
 “ should enjoy their liberty. Of what con-
 “ sequence, I may say in my turn, can St.
 “ Forlaix’s actions, or mine, be to you?
 “ of what consequence to you is the con-
 “ duct of Mademoiselle D’Ornance, and
 “ why should you assume to yourself the
 “ care of it?— It is only just, and my duty,
 “ to take care that Mademoiselle D’Or-
 “ nance, over whom I have the rights of
 “ friendship, be free and happy; that she
 “ suffers neither the haughtiness or con-
 “ tempt of any one; that, in short, she
 “ withdraws herself to a place proper and
 “ decent.”

“ How, Sir, is not my house so?”

“ A con-

“ A convent, Madam, is more so. It
“ was a convent which the order you ob-
“ tained prescribed. This order was un-
“ just and tyrannical; but it ought at least
“ to be executed.”

The style of this conversation would have enraged any one except the Marshalls; but the extreme confidence she has in me has given me an ascendant over her, which she cannot now conquer. Her soul is weak, and incapable of resisting the firm tone of a man who is determined to awe her. If I do not obtain of her the entire liberty of Julia, I shall at least succeed in extremely softening her captivity. I insisted strongly on seeing her. The Marshalls acquiesced, and accompanied me. I cannot describe to you the joy of this poor child. If you had been in my place, it
would

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would scarce have been greater. She pressed my hand, she would have kissed it when I kissed hers. She sighed in the midst of her joy, the tears ran from her eyes, and mine accompanied them; and, what is the most extraordinary, the Marshalefs, a silent witness of this scene, was not the person who wept the least.

Her soul is entirely changed, or rather is come back to what it originally was. She consented that I should improve Julia's library. She gave me permission to see her when I pleased: Madame D'Eff—indeed was herself to be present. She loaded her with the most flattering caresses, which your Julia, little accustomed to such behaviour from her, received with an air of dignified sweetness.

We both took care not to speak of you. That would have only served to destroy the
growing

growing attention of the Marshalefs. Julia would have been the victim of this indiscretion.

We at length took leave of her; and Madame D'Eff— said to me, as we were returning, “ She has great softness, and is of
 “ a turn of mind which cannot fail to
 “ please. I am no longer astonished at
 “ the excessive attachment of your ne-
 “ phew: and, to tell you the truth, it is the
 “ only fault I find in her. It is this love
 “ of St. Forlaix, which renders her cri-
 “ minal in my eyes. My tendernefs for
 “ him, I confess to you, is become incre-
 “ dible. If he returned my passion, I
 “ should have as much friendship for this
 “ child, as I have love for him.”

“ If it is possible,” said I, “ to inspire
 “ St. Forlaix with this inclination, it can
 “ only be by the care you take of his mis-
 “ trefs.

“ tress. The obligation he will have to
“ you, may grow into tenderness. We
“ pass easily from gratitude to love; it is
“ your part to deserve this gratitude.”

I flattered her passion in this manner, to soften the situation of our lovely friend; and I have succeeded. Julia is no longer in the turret where you saw her. I have answered to the Marshalls, that no attempt shall be made in favor of her prisoner. On my word, she has lodged her in the castle. Julia does not go out indeed, except with her; but still it is going out. You will judge whether I see her often. Her understanding is ripened by misfortune. If it has lost something of its brilliant vivacity, it has certainly acquired a degree of solidity and judgement, which more than compensates. The few minutes in which we find ourselves alone, are all devoted

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devoted to you. I am not jealous of this. I have, unhappily for all three, the greatest share in her conversation.

It is a long time since I heard from you. This circumstance gives me great uneasiness.

Adieu!

DE PRELE.

LET.

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L E T T E R LXXIV.

To Monf. D E P R E L E,
at St. Forlaix.

M—.

YOU ought not to be surprized, my dear uncle, at the long interval between your last letters and my reply.

Frequent attacks, decampments, sieges to sustain, convoys to escort, works to defend, scarce one moment of repose — behold the history of this campaign. The public voice must have told you enough to prevent your accusing me of negligence.

Ah! how could I be guilty of it to you? The friendship with which you honor me,
and

and that which I feel for you, are ties infinitely stronger than those of blood, to which they are joined. Have not I a motive for writing still more powerful? Julia is with you; Julia, whose charming idea makes me forget all my sorrows. You tell me she is happy; how then can I be otherwise? She is happy, since she is with you. I am so, since she loves me. Her absence is my only torment. Heaven, which doubtless pities our sufferings, has disposed the heart of this cruel Marshalefs to compassion. You had reason to say this was the only means of engaging me to forgive her. I feel that I hate her less, now Julia's situation is rendered more supportable!

You see Julia every day. How I envy your happiness! But is there no means to lessen the space which separates us? Continually watched as she is by the Marshalefs,

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less, love may still enable her to seize a moment to write to me. Alas! how many charms should I find in this indulgence! If we are sensible to pleasures in proportion to the eagerness with which we desire them, I know nothing which can equal that which a letter from Julia would give me. My dear Sir, I depend on you, to obtain me this happiness.

Is what you have told me of Mons. D'Ornance possible? is he then a wretched wanderer? Why this disguise? of what importance can it be to him to remain unknown? Why, above all, that inflexible bitterness with which he opposes our views? This letter is very contradictory to that which he wrote to Germain.

What are his true sentiments? can you conceive what he intends? Why this ob-

stinate concealment of himself, which deprives me of all power of coming to an explanation?

I ask of you a letter from Julia, and I know not whether I shall be able to receive it. We run the greatest risque of being besieged in M—, where we are in garri-son; we cannot hold out long, if the succours which we expect do not arrive. Monf. De Premont, whose genius has been improved by long study, promises to become one of the best engineers of our age. All the works are constructed under his eye. He is every where. His activity is incredible. He has refused a very honorable rank in this department, rather than be separated from me. Twenty of his actions have merited distinguished rewards, which he is however more anxious to deserve than to acquire.

This

This apprehension, however, ought not to prevent your pressing Julia in the warmest manner to write to me. Our fears may be ill-founded: her letter may arrive after the affair is terminated, or even before the enemy invests the town. Victory will not be more dear to me than this tender proof of being beloved by her my heart idolizes.

My affection has no occasion for hope to support it: let her father grant or refuse her to my wishes; it may add to, or diminish my felicity, but it can have no effect on my tenderness. Will it then never be permitted me to see her? will you not take her out of the hands of Madame D'Ess—? Her imprisonment is indeed become less severe, but it is still an imprisonment.

Yesterday, after his ordinary labors, Monf. De Premont found an opportunity of passing two hours with me. They were employed in a full effusion of our hearts. I did not dare at first to confide to him the state of mine : I had before imparted to him, by your advice, the intended marriage from which I then hoped my happiness ; but his ambitious soul had made the severest attack on love, and especially on the choice I had made. He perceived my constraint : he raillied me on it, and afterwards encouraged me.

“ I declaimed against love,” said he,
 “ when your situation made it dangerous
 “ to your virtue, and that of your mistress :
 “ but now, as you are at a distance from
 “ each other, you may give yourself up
 “ to it without fearing my censure. Be
 “ careful

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“ careful only to refine and elevate your
“ sentiments, that they may inspire you
“ with a love of your duty, instead of ren-
“ dering it irksome and painful to you.”

This encouragement, from a friend whom I so extremely venerate, alleviated greatly the agitation of my soul. I poured it out in his bosom. I told him all my adventures with Julia, from the moment I took her from her first convent. He suffered this confession, because he felt the occasion I had for it. Besides, as I named nobody, he had no pretence for refusing to hear me.

My recital, even to the moment in which Julia was ravished from me, excited in him only that concern which is inseparable from friendship, that kind of compassion which a friend feels for such evils as are

in reality of little importance; but when I related to him the violence of Madame D'Eff—, whose name however I concealed, and the barbarities she had exercised on Julia, I saw him tremble.

He stopped me. "What!" said he, "a woman has torn her from you by a superior order?"

"Alas! it is but too true."

"And you have attempted no means to take her out of her power? have not employed the authority of the laws, your whole interest, that of your friends? have not moved heaven and earth to hinder so horrible an injustice?"

"I have done every thing. Nothing has succeeded. This woman is powerful!"

"Just

"Just Heaven! what daring wicked-
 "ness! But does she not fear the resent-
 "ment of Julia's father? does she think
 "him so totally sunk by his misfortunes,
 "that he has no longer power to revenge
 "this outrage? that he will suffer his
 "children to be torn from him with im-
 "punity, in contempt of those rights which
 "he has not deserved to lose? Pursue your
 "story, my dear friend," cried he: "un-
 "veil to me all these horrors, which would
 "excite indignation in the most insensible
 "heart."

I finished my narration; and whilst it
 continued, I saw him agitated by the strong-
 est emotions of rage and compassion: and
 they astonished as much as they charmed
 me. He appears to be himself interested
 in this shocking injustice. I know not
 whether to attribute the manner in which

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he seemed to feel the injury done us, to his friendship for me, or to the esteem which it is impossible not to conceive for Julia on the mere relation of her virtues. To which soever of these motives his sentiments are owing, they are not less dear to me.

Adieu! I expect impatiently to hear from you and from my Julia.

ST. FORLAIX.

L E T.

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L E T T E R LXXV.

To Monf. DE PRELE, at St. Forlaix.

M——.

WHAT I foresaw has happened. We are besieged; the city will soon be intirely invested by the enemy. The courier who brings you this letter will be the last we shall be able to send. We can receive no more till the event of the siege is determined. The frequent sallies we make will not prevent our being blocked up, because we are greatly inferior in number. We expect a considerable reinforcement, which can alone deliver us. The enemy knows this, and therefore presses the siege.

E 4

These

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These are the misfortunes of the state : let me relate mine, which spring from the same source. Mons. De Premont, at the approach of the enemy, judged it necessary to store the town as much as possible with provisions and forage. A detachment was to be made, to escort the convoys ; nobody solicited very warmly an employment which the presence of the enemy rendered so dangerous. Mons. Premont offered himself ; I refused his offer. He insisted ; I continued firm. " For this time," said I, " I will exert my authority over you."

He was obstinate ; the council of war determined in his favor : in spite of my fears and my reproaches, he put himself at the head of three hundred men ; he has been gone fifteen days, and, all communication being cut off, we have not been able to hear any thing of him. We have no doubt

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doubt of his having been made prisoner. The garrison is in despair at this; the regret I feel is still a thousand times more keen.

The moment when, absorbed in the thoughts of my happiness, I first learned that Julia was ravished from me, excited certainly a more lively sorrow in my soul; but it was neither more profound nor more sincere than that which I feel on the loss of my dear De Premont.

My remembrance paints to me, in the midst of my chagrin, the friendship which unites us, and the manner in which it was contracted. The extraordinary circumstances which attended its commencement contributed certainly to render it more strong, as well as lasting. If it had owed its birth to those emotions of sympathy, of which we

hear so much, and see so little, it would have astonished me less: but that I should imperceptibly attach myself to a man whose sphere of life was so much inferior to my own; that, after having raised him to a rank more worthy of him, a rank which rendered him also more worthy of me, after having myself removed the boundary which separated us, I should have suffered his age and wisdom to give him so amazing an ascendant over me, and yet should only have loved him the more—all this appears to me inconceivable.

This superiority seems, however, to be necessary in friendship: equality is as foreign to it, as it appears to be essential. All the friends of whom antiquity boasts are proofs of this; and common life offers us examples as striking, and more frequent. In every kind of connexion where the heart is concerned,
the

the one party always governs the other; and it is observable, that this empire is always assumed by the person who loves the least.

But of what use are all these disquisitions?—The courier is ready to set off. The enemies approach: they deprive me of my friend, of a letter from my Julia. The cannon thunders on the ramparts. Fury animates me: they who excite it shall feel its effects, or I will perish.

Adieu !

ST. FORLAIX.

E 6 LET.

L E T T E R LXXVI.

To Mons. ST. FORLAIX,
at M——.

St. Forlaix.

THE friendship of Madame D'Eff—
for Julia grows every day stronger:
Julia herself cannot avoid being affected by
it. But this very friendship has often put
a greater constraint on us, than even her
suspicion. She would reproach herself if
she left Mademoiselle D'Ornance alone a
single moment. I have been obliged to
employ more than one stratagem in order
to shew her your last letter. The least in-
discretion on our part would have cost her
all the happiness she now enjoys. All the
friendship

friendship Madame D'Ess—has for her would vanish before the love she has for you. Her yoke would be as oppressive as at first, if she saw in Julia, instead of a friend who flattered and consoled, a rival who betrayed her. It has been with great difficulty Julia has brought herself to write to you. I have more than once had the mortification to see all my eloquence on this subject ineffectual. She will tell you the reasons which prevented her; but I have at length succeeded, and I do not regret the pains I have taken. I was afraid your danger would have intimidated a soul so full of sensibility as hers; I therefore erased that part of your letter: but she insisted on my restoring the passage.

She reproached me with my distrust of her. “I may probably lose him,” said she; “and this loss would be very afflict-
ing:”

"ing: but my fears shall never weaken
 "the desire I have to see him great and
 "illustrious. I know glory is seated at
 "the gates of death; I tremble at seeing
 "him pursue it thither, but I should be
 "wretched if he declined the pursuit."

I inclose her letter. May persuasion wait on her words!

"To Mons. ST. FORLAIX.

"WHY will you recall to my heart
 "ideas equally dear and afflicting? The
 "love which united us was too long
 "nourished by hope: with that hope it
 "ought to expire. Not that I will pre-
 "tend to forget you. I do not even wish
 "it. The sentiments I had for you were
 "as tender as they were pure. The re-
 "collection

“ collection of them, as it does not wound
 “ my virtue, cannot but flatter my heart.

“ But allow me to wish, a wish excited
 “ only by the desire of repose, that their
 “ impression was thus deeply engraved on
 “ my memory alone, and that my soul was
 “ less engrossed by them. I should un-
 “ doubtedly succeed in this, if you were
 “ no more to be present to me, except
 “ in remembrance, or in the conver-
 “ sation of the amiable Monf. De Prele.
 “ My heart might then hope to exchange
 “ its ties, for the more tranquil bonds of
 “ friendship. But if you expect a more
 “ particular intercourse, if it is imme-
 “ diately with you I am to converse of
 “ you, it will be difficult to silence always
 “ the voice of love. We shall be both
 “ only the more unhappy. It is sweet to me
 “ to say to myself, when thinking of you, ‘ it
 “ is

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“ is him whom I was permitted to love.”
 “ It would be painful to say it to your-
 “ self. I wish, I ought, to forget you ;
 “ but I find it impossible to make this
 “ effort.

“ This tender commerce, which softens
 “ so infinitely the tediousness of absence,
 “ ought not to be allowed except to those
 “ who still preserve some degree of hope.
 “ We have no longer any remaining.
 “ Mons. De Prele has mentioned to me
 “ the letter which my father wrote him in
 “ the name of Mons. De l'Etang. No-
 “ thing can be more unfavorable to our
 “ past views : and what destroys even the
 “ hope of softening him is, that he has
 “ reason on his side ; and when he has, his
 “ resolution is immoveable. Even if these
 “ were not his sentiments, should we have
 “ more reason to hope ? Has he not en-
 “ tirely

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“ tirely abandoned me? Do we even know
“ what is become of him? Am I not in
“ confinement? Is he in a situation to re-
“ store me to liberty?

“ Why then ourselves add fuel to the
“ fire which serves only to consume us?
“ to what purpose excite a continual war
“ between our inclinations and our duties;
“ between a passion which now ceases
“ to be lawful, and that virtue from which
“ it would seduce us?

“ Why should we not rather mutually
“ endeavor to recover that peace of which
“ love has deprived us? Let us begin
“ by sacrificing something to it; the rest
“ will cost us less. I do not bid you for-
“ get me: if I judge by what I feel my-
“ self, this would be to attempt too much:
“ the success would be uncertain; nor is
“ it even necessary. I intreat only that
“ you

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“ you will think of me with less ardor:
 “ consider seriously, that we have lost all
 “ hope; and let this thought check your
 “ desires. Form to yourself a just idea
 “ of friendship, and change all your sen-
 “ timents into those which it inspires.

“ After some years (perhaps much less)
 “ of these struggles between reason and
 “ love, peace will be re-established in our
 “ souls. The softest and most tender
 “ friendship will be the fruit of it. We
 “ shall see each other without fear, and
 “ give mutually the purest proofs of a
 “ tenderness which will be unattended with
 “ regret. This affection will have less
 “ vivacity than love; but it will also be
 “ exempt from its bitterness.

“ Behold the state of mind for which
 “ we ought to wish. But let us give up
 “ all

MARQ. DE ST. FORLAIX. 91

“ all immediate intercourse, if we desire
“ to succeed in this arduous attempt.

“ I am very far from advising you to
“ contract engagements unworthy of you.
“ This would be a weakness of which I
“ am incapable. I mean with Madame
“ D’Eff—, to whose love for you I owe
“ her attention, and the little share of
“ liberty I at present enjoy. I know your
“ compliance would be the only means to
“ restore it to me intirely.

“ This declaration often escapes her, in
“ those effusions of heart which the in-
“ clination she has taken to me renders
“ very frequent. I attribute only to my
“ complaisance in speaking to her of you,
“ and in hearing her talk of you without
“ interruption, that excessive friendship
“ which she expresses for me. I am as
“ sensible

“ sensible to this as I can be to the regard
“ of a woman whom I cannot esteem: but
“ I should blush indeed to owe my liberty
“ to an union which would justly cover
“ you with dishonor.

“ It will not be the same if you make
“ a worthy choice. The merit of an amia-
“ ble wife will complete your conquest
“ over other sentiments. As your circle
“ of duties becomes more extensive and
“ more indispensable, you will find your-
“ self more attached to them. A friend-
“ ship will naturally take place between
“ me and the object of your affection, be-
“ cause we shall love you in a different
“ manner. The love she will have for you
“ will excite my tenderness for her; and
“ this very tenderness will infallibly ob-
“ tain me hers.

“ Behold

“ Behold what can alone destroy, in
“ their source, those wishes, which, in spite
“ of us, fill our hearts, and inspire us with
“ ill-founded and chimerical hopes; what
“ can alone re-establish our mutual tran-
“ quillity, and restore to us the soft satis-
“ faction of seeing each other without of-
“ fending decorum. Behold what virtue
“ makes it my duty, though a severe one,
“ to exact of you.

“ JULIA D'ORNANCE.”

You will judge with what impatience
we expect your reply, which we hope will
relieve us from the anxiety we at present
suffer on your account.

Your affectionate,

DE PRELE.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

To Mons. DE PRELE,
at ST. FORLAIX.

M—.

WE had been ten days blocked up in M—; our provisions were exhausted: we had no other resource than a capitulation, the more hard, because it had been before rejected. It was debated in council; I insisted on rejecting it a second time. “Hope is not yet lost,” said I, “since our garrison is still intire. Despair and courage may give victory to troops who fear death less than captivity. This city is a new conquest; therefore we have no French blood in it, of which

I

“ to

“ to fear the effusion. It is the business
 “ of our enemies to spare that of their
 “ fellow citizens. Let us once more tempt
 “ fortune ; it will be always time enough
 “ to submit to our enemies, who cannot
 “ be more irritated against us than they
 “ already are. If we fail, we shall at least
 “ have the glory of having made every
 “ effort in our power.”

My opinion, after being long debated,
 was at length followed. We came out of
 the council, and prepared for a vigorous
 sally. Hope, and even despair, animated
 the soldiers : fury was painted on every
 countenance. The brave Premont was
 now regretted.

All was soon ready ; we went out of the
 city with an air of confidence calculated
 to deceive the enemy.

The

The fire of the artillery protected us, and favored our fall. Several of the enemy's works were destroyed. As we advanced, we filled the trenches. Two of their batteries were already in our possession. Their cannon was instantly nailed up. They were obliged to retire from post to post, even to the first lines of their camp. But our fury carried us too far; in pursuing them, we left a long space unguarded behind us. They perceived it, and made their left file off. It was soon sufficiently advanced to cut off our retreat. We perceived our fault, when too late to recover it.

We were on the point of being the victims of our indiscretion, and every man had taken the resolution to die rather than surrender. We heard, on a sudden, a
tumultuous

tumultuous cry on the rear of the enemy, whither all their fire was immediately pointed. We could, for a short time, only learn their motions by the noise of the musquetry, which seemed to approach nearer every moment. We were advancing slowly in perfect silence, and were going to disperse some of our horse to learn the cause of these motions, when we perceived the enemy's army flying in disorder towards the R——. We were informed, their rear guard had been furiously attacked. We did not doubt its being by the reinforcement we expected: it seemed so at least by the confusion which attended their retreat; a confusion which the darkness of the night extremely increased. Some of them repassed the R—— by swimming, others in the boats they had prepared; a great part were drowned. Their own fears destroyed more than our arms.

When we no longer saw any other enemies on the banks of the river than those whom we had made prisoners, we hastened to join our deliverers. Their small number, which we could scarce distinguish, astonished us as much as it had intimidated the enemy, who from that circumstance supposed our army approaching.

A man whose appearance struck me extremely was at their head. He advanced near me; he flew into my arms. This man was at once the deliverer of our army, the tender friend of my heart, and the bearer of a letter from my Julia. Pardon me, dear Sir, if I mix the concerns of my tenderness, in which I alone am interested, with the more important services rendered to the state. I speak to you in the style of a lover, a friend, not in that of a politician:

MARQ. DE ST. FORLAIX. 99

tician: I am not relating to you a piece of history; I am only giving you an account, at the moment, of the transports which fill my heart.

It was Mons. De Premont, at the head of his three hundred men. He had learned that the enemy had passed the R—, and had immediately dispersed his troop in the different neighbouring villages, that, not forming a body large enough to be remarked, it might not become an object of suspicion, which would have exposed it to an attack. He clearly saw, that if he had persisted in endeavoring to throw himself into the town, with the convoy which he escorted, the danger would have been great, and attended with little probability of success.

He did not however lose sight us: he sent spies, he exposed himself to a thou-

land dangers, to know our situation. He judged of our designs by our least motions: he waited for a general sally, which did not happen till this very day, in order to enter the city amidst the tumult, and relieve us.

Our sally, which was made in the evening, was favorable even beyond his hopes. He re-assembled his scattered troop; he obliged peasants, women, children, old men, to accompany him, without any other arms than their voices, which alone were necessary to his design. We engaged the enemy; and when the moment appeared to him favorable, he obliged his followers, to the number of about two thousand, to set up a general shout: his little troop, which composed only two files, hid them sufficiently from the enemy.

He

He took advantage of the disorder into which this shout, and their error, threw them. He fell on them at the very instant of our attack. They imagined themselves pursued by a formidable army; and the presence of mind of one man preserved us all.

The joy of so unexpected, so almost incredible a relief, transported the soldier, as well as his officer. We congratulated, we embraced each other: the three hundred men, of whom not one was killed, and especially their chief, received our general thanks, as our deliverers. You will judge to what a degree I enjoyed the glory of my friend. He had stopped the courier who was the bearer of Julia's letter; he presented it to me. I bathed it with my tears, I devoured it with my kisses. My

heart was divided, between my friend and this dear pledge of my Julia's affection. Nothing could equal the intoxication of my delight, but my impatience to read this invaluable letter. I had already given orders to re-enter the city; but, however violent was my desire, it was obliged to give way to the public service.

A horseman came to inform us, that the reinforcement we had so long expected approached, and would be infallibly at the gates the next morning. We immediately called a council of war. It was Mons. De Premont's advice, not to let this intelligence transpire. "Let the enemy," said he, "know
 " it was our little troop which intimidated
 " them, and at the same time be left in
 " ignorance of the reinforcement which
 " is on the point of arriving. Ashamed
 " of their error, they will to-morrow en-
 " deavor

“ deavor to repair it, and to revenge their
 “ defeat. This is what we have to wish.
 “ The Prince’s army will give us a se-
 “ cond, and more complete, victory.”

His advice was received with the warm-
 est approbation. Orders were dispatched in
 consequence of it. Our secret rested with
 ourselves. We regained the city. The pri-
 soners were conducted thither, trembling
 with rage at having been deceived and
 taken by those whom the moiety of their
 force would with ease have crushed. We
 designedly suffered a part of them to escape:
 we affected to pursue them, but gave
 them time to regain their camp, and re-
 proach their companions with the fatal er-
 ror of which fear had made them guilty.

As soon as we had re-entered the town,
 my first attention was given to my love.

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I at length read this letter, this object of so many wishes, this cause of such mixed sensations of joy and affliction. Cruel woman! to what has she advised me? To leave her! to reduce myself to the cold sentiment of friendship? Yes, my dear Sir, between two persons of different sexes, every sentiment is cold which is not animated by love. But she adds to this barbarity that of commanding me to love another. Another than Julia! — Can she think me capable of obeying her? Her soul is then intirely insensible, since she has been able to conceive such an idea! — I may cease to hope, if Julia commands me: but I can never cease to adore her.

Ah! does she no longer remember the pleasing days which we passed together, when she was at the convent of F——

Does

Does she now fear my wishing to pass the bounds she may prescribe? or, if I had such wishes, should I dare to impart them to her? Were we not happy in that state of innocent delight? was decency then wounded by our commerce? would it be wounded by continuing that pure and charming intercourse, in a new retreat, of which Julia herself might make choice? Why then should we give up the pleasure of writing to each other?

If her letter conveys to me her real sentiments, the firm resolves of her soul, Julia no longer loves me.

Ah! my dear Sir! intreat her, not to leave me a prey to this cruel idea.

I read her letter to Mons. De Premont. Amidst the bitter complaints which it drew

from me, I saw him smile. I ought to have reflected, that a lover should not open himself to a man who is insensible to love. I could not avoid feeling an emotion of despite, which however very soon subsided.

We are already under such obligations to him, and are on the point of receiving so many more! We shall see to-morrow the success of his project, which will furnish a new subject for the details I shall continue to write you.

Adieu! my dear uncle! Attend to my complaints with more compassion than this unfeeling friend. Pity me; but, above all, persuade Julia to pity me.

ST. FORLAIX.

E. E. T.

L E T T E R LXXVIII.

TO Monf. D E P R E L E,
at St. Forlaix.

M—

THE prisoners, whom we had suffered to escape, did not fail, as we had supposed, to inform their companions, that the unexpected reinforcement, which had intimidated them to such a degree, consisted only of three hundred men. Shame and indignation rendered them furious. They prepared to retort our insult.

As soon as we had learned in the evening the arrival of the Prince De — at the head of twenty thousand men, Monf. De Premont contrived to inform him

of all that had passed, and to intreat him to advance in such a manner as not to be discovered.

The enemy, on their side, who imagined they knew perfectly our strength, determined to repass the R——, and to carry the town by assault. They could not foresee our troops would arrive so soon, because the Prince had made forced marches, and by cross roads ; but they judged the time of his arrival could not be many days distant. It was therefore necessary either to take the place immediately, or to resolve on raising the siege.

In the morning they passed the river in good order, and seemed determined on revenge. We shut ourselves up in the town, and affected to be busied in making preparation for our defence. They supposed us in the utmost consternation, and enjoyed

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joyed beforehand a victory which they believed as certain as it appeared near.

When they had all passed the river, they prepared to give the assault, and we remained totally inactive. The Prince, who observed them without being perceived, let them march on without interruption till they were at a distance from the R —, and, in order to deprive them of the power of retreat, advanced himself against them on that side. They heard the fire of the grand army, and mistook this reinforcement for the first. They scarce gave attention to the body which advanced to attack them; their security was as fatal to them, as their idle terror had been the evening before. They gave the Prince time to file all his troops off into the plain. We made a sally at the same time; and, instead of assaulting us, as they

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they intended, they found themselves attacked on every side.

They now clearly perceived their error. The desire of repairing it inflamed their courage. They stood firm, and prepared to make a long and vigorous resistance. All our efforts to break them were ineffectual. If we had on one side some advantage, they obtained an equal one on the other, and their fury increased this advantage. Their fire was less frequent than ours, but better served.

They marched in good order, and, in spite of our disposition, prepared for a retreat, which we should have found great difficulty in preventing.

Their valor animated that of Mons. De Premont; he was at the head of the three hundred

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hundred men who had saved us the preceding evening.

“ Friends,” said he, “ behold the moment of shewing true courage; of proving ourselves intirely devoted to our country. We had yesterday an easy victory, against enemies less overcome by our arms than by their own fears, and whose disorder took from us the merit of having conquered them. Fortune yesterday combated for us; let courage be to-day our only guide. That which the enemy has displayed will render our triumph more glorious. Yesterday we drove death before us. To-day we will, if necessary, pursue it, and with joy pour out our blood for the good of the state.”

He spoke, and advanced the first; his example, the rage with which he was inflamed,

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flamed, drew after him all his troop. Nothing could resist their efforts. I followed my friend, at the head of my regiment. We took advantage of this first disorder; confusion marched before us, desolation followed our steps. We routed, we dispersed, all who opposed our passage.

Monf. De Premont was even more a soldier than an officer. He exposed himself like the most daring of those he commanded. His arms were broke; he fought with the pole of the colors he had taken from the enemy.

The plain was soon covered with those who fled: their total dispersion rendered it as difficult for us to pursue them, as impossible for them to rally. Those companies which remained the most intire, seeing no longer any possibility of retreating,

ing, laid down their arms. The slaughter ceased: we recalled our scattered troops, and entered the town in triumph.

As soon as tranquillity was restored, the Prince assembled all the general officers. Monf. De Premont remained, during this interval, surrounded by the other officers and soldiers, who pressed to felicitate him on having been twice their deliverer. We gave the Prince an account of our behaviour; or, to speak with more propriety, we joined in praising that of Monf. De Premont, which was much more worthy of his attention. It was debated amongst us, what recompences were due to his conduct. His birth was inquired into; but nobody could give any information. They were still more embarrassed when I told them in what an extraordinary manner I became acquainted with him; and the reasons

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reasons I had to believe his birth more noble than it appeared. It was at length resolved, that if he continued obstinately silent on this subject, all that could be done for him was, to give him a brevet of Lieutenant Colonel, and the cross of St. Lewis; that, if he discovered it, he should be promoted in proportion as his family was more or less illustrious.

Scarce was this resolution taken, when we heard a tumultuous cry of joy round the General's tent. It proceeded from the officers, who, contrary to his inclinations, insisted on conducting Mons. De Premont thither.

“A regiment and the cross!” cried they: “behold the general wish of the army!”

The Prince came out of his tent, assured them with the utmost goodness that
their

their wishes should be satisfied; and afterwards obliged Mons. De Premont to enter, in order to inform him of what had been determined. I anticipated the joy which my friend, whom I had ever known so greedy of glory, and so sensible to its rewards, must necessarily feel on this occasion. I was extremely astonished, when, to a compliment of the most pleasing kind, which the Prince made him when he offered him the cross, he returned the following answer:

“ The rewards which my General offers
 “ me are too flattering, and the generous
 “ goodness, with which a great Prince like
 “ him deigns to make these offers, add
 “ too much to their value, not to fill my
 “ heart with the most lively pleasure.

“ A man,

“ A man, who, from the rank of a pri-
 “ vate soldier, sees himself raised to that
 “ which I now fill, ought not to expect
 “ to see still greater favors heaped on him;
 “ but, at the same time, the most impor-
 “ tant reasons oblige me to defer for
 “ some time accepting these advantages.
 “ It is not yet permitted me to receive
 “ them; it is not my General on whom
 “ it depends to render me worthy of
 “ them. The Minister, whose confirma-
 “ tion of this goodness is necessary, can
 “ alone grant me this second favor. It
 “ is however so glorious to have received
 “ a gift like this from my General, that if
 “ the Minister, when informed of my rea-
 “ sons, does not think me unworthy of this
 “ reward, it shall be from his hands I
 “ will boast of having obtained it. As
 “ to the cause of my acting thus; it is
 “ only

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“ only in the presence of the Minister, and
“ all who now hear me, that I can dis-
“ cover it.”

This discourse filled us all with surprize.
The Prince De ——— was not displeased:
he determined, on the contrary, that, the
campaign being finished, we should in
eight days present ourselves at court.

I am as little informed of my friend's
reasons as the rest. But I partake more
warmly the excess of joy to which he gives
himself up: he has notwithstanding appre-
hensions which sometimes disturb it.

He has promised I shall know in a short
time the mystery of his life.

Adieu!

ST. FORLAIX.

LET-]

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L E T T E R LXXIX.

To Monf. DE PRELE,

at ST. FORLAIX.

Fontainebleau.

WE arrived here this morning. I wished extremely, my dear uncle, to have gone a few leagues out of my road, to have seen you at St. Forlaix; but the fear of retarding one day the happiness of my friend, did not permit me.

He arrived here last night in the Prince De ——'s chaise, who would not suffer him to quit him, and who on the road overwhelmed him with civilities.

As

As I passed near my sister's convent, I stopped there, to have the pleasure of paying her a visit; but could not see her. Besides the resolution she has taken not to see even her nearest relation, I was told she was very ill. Her continual austerities, and the excessive grief which consumes her, have brought on her a languor, which wastes her visibly away. In spite of this melancholy state of her health, and the perpetual remonstrances of the superior, it is only two days since she left off attending constantly in the choir: since, that time her weakness has rendered her unable to leave her bed.

The nuns cannot avoid in some degree guessing the cause of her affliction. They told me, that even before her illness, she fell often into a kind of delirium. She imagined herself conversing with some absent

sent

sent person ; sometimes she loaded this imaginary object with reproaches, sometimes addressed to it all that language has the most tender. These fits concluded always in fury against herself. She beat her breast, she fell into convulsions, from which the common methods would not recover her ; they never left her till after she had fainted : she came at length to herself, exhausted with fatigue, and remembering nothing of what had passed.

Since her illness, the complaints of which I have been speaking are become less violent. She has continually in her mouth the name of a man who is unknown to them. She never quits it, but to name with still greater fervor that of God. As to the rest, her conduct is so edifying, her soul filled with so much softness and devotion, that, far from complaining of her,
all

MARQ. DE ST. FORLAIX. 121

all the convent take delight in giving her their attendance. She is as much beloved by her superiors, as her companions. Their prayers are all addressed to Heaven for her recovery.

I am in doubt whether they are informed of more: perhaps they have discovered her secret intirely; but the nun, from whom I had this account, said nothing to me which could make me think so. However this may be, the life she at present leads, seems to justify her sufficiently to these good women, who cannot be ignorant to how many weakneses human nature is subject.

I intreated them to inform my sister of this visit; and went out of the convent, my mind filled with a gloomy sadness, by the melancholy relation I had just heard.

A few paces from the gate, I observed a man lying with his face on the ground, and apparently overwhelmed with distress. An old ecclesiastic seemed endeavoring to console him. He attempted, but in vain, to raise him up. Supposing his failure to proceed from want of strength, I advanced with my servant to lend him assistance. The good priest shed tears: I demanded the cause of them.

“It is him for whom they flow,” replied he; “it is for this young man whom you see extended on the earth. He has been some months in my service; or rather, he has been so long with me as my friend. When he first entered my house, he seemed given up to the most poignant sorrow. My cares, my attention, had softened his affliction: I
“ was

MARQ. DE ST. FORLAIX. 123

“ was pleasing myself with the thoughts
“ of restoring to his soul, if not happiness,
“ of which he is no longer susceptible, at
“ least that tranquillity which ought to be
“ his only hope. He accompanied me
“ every day to the holy offices of the con-
“ vent. These were the most pleasing
“ moments of his life. Two days since,
“ he went thither with me as usual, but
“ appeared agitated with the most lively
“ anxiety: he cast round the church a
“ wild and distracted look.—As we came
“ out, he asked me a hundred questions,
“ of which I could not comprehend the
“ meaning. All the rest of the day seemed
“ to him an insupportable burthen. He
“ made me yesterday begin the service
“ before the usual hour. He gave the
“ most exact attention to the chanting;
“ but his tortures were only rendered the
“ more severe. To-day he went out half

“ an hour before me. I found him here,
 “ in the state in which you see him, bathed
 “ in tears, without being able to divine the
 “ cause.

“ Tell me, my dear son,” continued the
 ecclesiastic, still weeping and addressing him-
 self to the young man, “ tell me the cause
 “ of these new afflictions: I never question-
 “ ed thee on the past, which I did not
 “ suppose it in my power to remedy. But
 “ these — since two days only — tell me
 “ what I can do to comfort thee. — Thou
 “ art my son, my friend ! Dost thou fear
 “ to open thy heart to him who loves
 “ thee?”

During this discourse, the good old man
 locked in his arms this afflicted youth, who
 seemed insensible to every thing.

I offered

I offered to assist in raising him up.
 "No," said he; "your assistance would
 "serve only to afflict him more. He flies,
 "with a kind of horror, the presence of
 "all strangers. I let him see none of
 "those who come to my house. This is
 "the only favor he has ever asked of me."

Whilst he spoke thus, a sigh escaped the young man. He raised himself up a little, and threw his eyes around him, like a man awaking from a painful dream. He perceived the priest, who observed his every motion with all the tender concern of friendship. He threw himself into his bosom, as if to hide there his sorrows. I was behind him; I had not seen his face: he turned, cast his eyes on me, gave a peircing shriek, fled with the little remaining strength he possessed, and fell some paces from us.

“ Ah! I said so,” cried the priest:
 “ He dreads all those who are unknown
 “ to him. Pardon me, Sir; I fly to his
 “ assistance, he has occasion for all my
 “ tendernefs.”—He hastened away at these
 words, and left me in the greatest astonish-
 ment. I then recollected what you had
 wrote to me. I admired the goodness of the
 one, pitied the unhappinefs of the other, and
 continued my road without endeavoring to
 know more, lest I should increase his af-
 fliction.

When I arrived at Fontainebleau, my
 first care was to pay a visit to the Prince
 De ———; my second to fly into the arms
 of my friend. The nearer the moment
 approached which was to decide his fate,
 the more doubtful, the more impoisoned
 by apprehension, his joy appeared.

I en-

I endeavored to represent to him how certain he was of success; but he gave me no attention. His anxiety, like his joy, had its source in himself. I was still with him, when a gentleman from the Prince De ——— came to desire his attendance, in order to his being presented to the Minister. I waited at his apartment the event of this visit. He returned more elated with hope than ever.

“ The Count De B——,” said he, “ received me with the most distinguished
 “ goodness. Every action I have performed
 “ in my two campaigns is known to him.
 “ The cross of St. Lewis, which he intends
 “ for me, shall, he assures me, be my least
 “ reward. He asked the name of my family,
 “ and my reasons for having declined
 “ receiving the cross from the hands of
 “ my General. I intreated his permission

“ to postpone unveiling this mystery, till
 “ I had an opportunity of doing it before
 “ the principal officers of my regiment, who
 “ were then at Fontainbleau.—Very well,
 “ said he obligingly. I will invite them
 “ to dine the day after to-morrow; and
 “ you shall be the hero of the feast.”

This, my dear Sir, is our present situation. The cruel Premont will not anticipate even one day the pleasure he knows an explanation will afford me. I shall not have a moment's advantage of those who love him so much less than I do. It seems an age to the day after to-morrow.

Adieu!

ST. FORLAIX,

LET

MARQ. DE ST. FORLAIX. 129

L E T T E R LXXX.

TO MONS. DE PRELB,
at ST. FORLAIX.

Fontainebleau.

I KNOW not whether the joy that transports me will leave my soul sufficiently free, to relate to you tranquilly the cause of it. I am at length satisfied. I know all, I know the man whom I have so much loved; and I love him a thousand times more than ever. Pardon me, my dear Sir; I should have a very insensible heart, if I was now myself.

We were all invited to dine with the Count De B——, as he had promised my

friend

friend we should. The time of dinner passed very gaily, except on the part of Mons. De Premont and me. His mind was absorbed by anxiety, mine by impatience. The whole company made us reproaches. The Minister and the Prince De ——— endeavored to inspire Mons. De Premont with a part of the general joy. They did not succeed: he continued silent, and seemed to tremble with apprehension. No one could divine the cause.

During the desert, the Count De B—— went out with the Prince: they made me a sign to follow them. We returned in a few minutes. The Prince had in his hand a cross of St. Lewis. The Count and I were on each side of him.

From the moment of our leaving the room, Mons. De Premont had been seized with

with an universal trembling. When he saw us return, his countenance was covered with a mortal paleness.

The Prince De —— presented him with the cross, addressing to him at the same time a compliment equally dictated by politeness and esteem. The Minister pressed him to take the oath appropriated to the ceremony. He was unable to reply. His distress, his confusion, every instant redoubled. This man, till then so firm and intrepid, could not restrain his tears. This moment, which ought to have been distinguished by joy, became to him an object of terror and affliction. Every one hastened to assist him; they supposed him ill, and intreated him to retire to rest, and defer the ceremony till the following day. He at length recovered, and found himself in my arms.

He smiled on me, pressed my hand with tenderness, and requested to be heard. The company seated themselves, were silent, and attended to him with the most eager curiosity.

“ This mark of distinction,” said he,
“ which you have the goodness to offer
“ me, is the usual reward of a life dedi-
“ cated to honor. Can it be granted to
“ a man who is no longer in possession of
“ that honor? This would be to debase
“ it. But, if the honor he has lost is only
“ an imaginary one, the offspring of ca-
“ price and prejudice, independent of him-
“ self, and for the loss of which he is not
“ responsible; and he has notwithstanding
“ attempted to repair this unmerited loss,
“ by acquiring an equal portion of true
“ glory; does he continue unworthy of
“ the

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“ the recompence due to his services ?

“ does he not rather deserve to receive the

“ reward, the prize of his glorious labors ?

“ It depends on you to determine.

“ These general propositions can inform

“ you but imperfectly of my situation :

“ I shall not wait your reply, to declare it

“ to you more explicitly. I have made

“ this effort on myself.

“ My family, and my misfortunes, may

“ be known to some in this company. My

“ name is D'Ornance—”

(Judge, my uncle, at these words!—)

“ I was young, and I loved. I obtain-

“ ed the object of my wishes ; and during

“ a long time the whole universe, to my

“ eyes, contained nothing but the inchant-

“ ing picture of my tenderness.

“ The

“ The ideas of ambition, of glory, were
“ at length awakened in my heart: but
“ the time of satisfying them was passed.
“ I was restrained by ties too sacred.

“ Repentance and regret, added to these
“ growing passions, devoured me without
“ effect. I studied all that belonged to
“ the profession of arms, without any other
“ design than that of mitigating in some
“ degree the ardor of my inclination for it,
“ and indulging the chimeras of my ima-
“ gination. I did not foresee the moment
“ when this study would become useful
“ to me. I was thus culpable towards my
“ country; it was cruelly revenged. I
“ had a son. His birth filled me with the
“ most pleasing hopes, and reconciled me
“ to myself. I said fondly to my own
“ heart, ‘ This son will repair my in-
“ action;

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“ action; I can now acquit myself of at
“ least a part of my debt to the state! —
“ I was deceived. My son was a villain.
“ The excessive tenderness of his mother
“ stifled all the seeds of virtue which I
“ had planted in his heart. — Can a father
“ relate the rest? — His life was criminal,
“ his death ignominious. A scaffold snatch-
“ ed from me my son and my honor.”

At this part of his relation, every one trembled with horror. Mons. D’Ornance alone preserved a serene and resolute air. He continued :

“ A train of misfortunes succeeded this;
“ but it was the greatest, because I was
“ not the only person whom it affected.
“ The death of this son was followed by
“ that of his mother. But I had a daugh-
“ ter, who found herself, without having
“ merited it, involved in the same infamy
“ with

“ with me. This daughter is virtuous;
 “ an unblemished name is her right: I
 “ left her, in order to endeavor to restore
 “ to her that honor, which her brother
 “ had so cruelly deprived her of.

“ My daughter loved; she was beloved.
 “ It was my duty to give her untainted by
 “ dishonor to the man whose virtues ren-
 “ dered him worthy of being her husband.

“ The military profession, most consonant
 “ to my taste, appeared to me also the most
 “ rapid road to fortune; that in which
 “ glory appeared with the most dazzling
 “ lustre. I chose the lowest step in this
 “ profession, in order to give the greater
 “ extent to my career.

“ I have passed all the intermediate gra-
 “ dations; my conduct in each of them
 “ has

“ has entitled me to aspire to one more
“ elevated.

“ I have in two campaigns risen as high
“ as is permitted to a man who chooses
“ his name and family should remain un-
“ known.

“ I have at length acquitted myself of
“ my duty with such glory and success,
“ that a whole army has demanded a re-
“ compence for me, and my General him-
“ self has judged me worthy of receiving
“ it.

“ I speak thus of my services, only to
“ draw from them the conclusion at which
“ I aim.

“ This glorious reward is incompatible
“ with the least degree of dishonor. If
“ that with which my son was covered,
“ in compliance with our present preju-
“ dices,

“ dices, reflects back on me, all my actions
 “ ought to be carried along the stream of
 “ oblivion: my daughter and I should se-
 “ parate ourselves from society, which
 “ ought no longer to remember our ex-
 “ istence. But, if the glory which I have
 “ acquired can repair that which I so un-
 “ happily lost; if it has the same privi-
 “ leges as infamy, that of communicating
 “ itself to all allied to us; if my daughter
 “ is allowed to share the honor of her fa-
 “ ther, as she has been compelled to par-
 “ take the shame of her brother; no more
 “ is necessary, Gentlemen, than for you
 “ to balance this shame and my glory;
 “ and determine which ought to prepon-
 “ derate.

“ You will consider coolly, whether faults
 “ committed against a few individuals de-
 “ serve more our aversion and horror, than
 “ the

“ the laudable action of having saved an
 “ important garrison, a whole army, our
 “ praise: if it is, in short, more natural,
 “ that the infamy of a son should remount
 “ to his father, and extend to a virtuous
 “ sister, than that the glorious actions of
 “ a father should restore to that daughter
 “ and himself that honor which they have
 “ never themselves forfeited.”

Mons. D'Ornance concluded in this
 manner a discourse which he had pro-
 nounced with a noble and elevated vehe-
 mence. He was silent, and cast down his
 eyes modestly, whilst he waited a reply,
 which he might have read in all our coun-
 tenances, if he had been capable of ob-
 serving them.

The Count De B—— approached him,
 smiled on him with affection, and pressed
 his hand; but was unable to answer him.

The

The silence which reigned amongst all the company, marked their anxiety for the fate of their deliverer, and to what a degree they were interested in all that regarded him. With what a variety of emotions was I agitated !

“ What is your opinion ? ” said the Minister, addressing himself to the Prince De —.

“ My opinion is, that a brave man deserves to be always honored as such.
 “ Crimes are personal: I abhor the prejudice, a remnant of barbarism, which asserts the contrary.

“ Mons. D’Ornance has done all that
 “ was necessary in order to wipe off this
 “ stain ; has run the race of honor for his
 “ son and himself, and has acquired sufficient

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“ ficient glory to render himself and his
“ whole family illustrious. You, Sir, are
“ Minister: if I were in your place, I
“ should not only desire that he should be
“ rewarded, reinstated, beloved, and re-
“ spected; but I should open the same
“ road to all who are in the same unhap-
“ py situation. Let such a family be, if
“ you please, dishonored; but let their
“ dishonor continue no longer, than till
“ some member of it, in whatever station,
“ shall merit enough from his country, to
“ restore it to its original lustre. Every
“ one will gain by this, and the state most
“ of all.”

Then, turning towards us, “ Gentlemen,”
said he, “ do you not think as I do? do
“ you not honor this brave Captain?”

An exclamation, as general as it was flat-
tering, was our only reply. We rose, we

crowded round Mons. D'Ornance, whose anxiety did not seem intirely dissipated. We address'd ourselves to the Minister, of whose sentiments we had however no doubt. He made us a sign to hear him, and address'd my friend in the following terms:

“ You are witness, Sir, that there is but
“ one light in which it is possible to see
“ your unhappy adventure : all hearts and
“ all voices are united in your favor.

“ The Prince De —— has judg'd you
“ worthy of the cross of St. Lewis. The
“ King gives it you, as to a brave and
“ faithful subject. I with pleasure present
“ it to you, as my friend. It receives
“ from you as much honor as it confers.
“ It would be a sufficient restoration of
“ your honor in the eyes of these gentle-
“ men,

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“men, and of all the world: but I am
“so happy as to be able to tell you be-
“fore them, that you have no occasion
“for it. This son, whose supposed death
“has shed such bitterness on your days,
“this son still lives: he is in my power,
“in a place of security.”

“My son still living!” cried Mons.
D’Ornance with transport.—He afterwards
continued, with more calmness, but with
as lively a concern, “Have the goodness,
“Sir, to inform me how this miracle was
“effected.”

“It is no miracle,” said the Count De
B—— smiling; “nothing could happen
“more naturally. When he was con-
“demned, I chanced to be at Paris. I
“had some business with the President De
“G——. We dined together, without
“any

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“ any other company, at my house. He
 “ related to me what had passed in the
 “ morning in respect to Corfange. “ Be-
 “ hold, said he, an illustrious family, dis-
 “ honored by the indiscretion of a young
 “ man, who has only attempted a crime,
 “ without having committed it !”

“ Your name was not unknown to me ;
 “ I knew how unfulled the honor of your
 “ family had ever been. I procured an
 “ order to defer the execution ; and the
 “ next day I obtained his pardon. I had
 “ him instantly conducted to a place of
 “ safety. The President repented of hav-
 “ ing sent you so precipitately the letter
 “ with which your son had intrusted him.
 “ I wrote you one, in which I informed
 “ you of all which I have now related,
 “ and intreated Mons. De G—— to con-
 “ vey it to you.

“ He

“ He died during the course of this
 “ transaction, without having been able
 “ to acquit himself of the commission he
 “ had undertaken. I was informed of this
 “ when too late. I in vain ordered in-
 “ quiry to be made after you at Paris;
 “ and when I found out your house at Or-
 “ nance, the servant who had the care of
 “ it gave no other answer, than that he
 “ was ignorant what was become of you.
 “ I was obliged, in order to reveal this
 “ mystery, to wait till you should make
 “ yourself known: but I could not have
 “ hoped it would have been in a manner
 “ so advantageous to the state and your-
 “ self.

“ You see, Sir,” continued this worthy
 Minister, “ that you may accept the
 “ cross without any scruple; the King, in-
 VOL. IV. H “ formed

“ formed of your courage and your services, adds to it the regiment of N——, “ as an earnest of the favors you may “ hereafter expect.”

These words, in spite of the respect which ought to have restrained us, were followed by a general acclamation. We embraced Monf. D’Ornance: every one wished to say something; all spoke at a time.—To see the general exultation, you would have supposed every one of us had received the same rewards as my friend.

Joy re-animated his soul; he experienced at once every felicity for which he could have formed a wish, and much more than he had a right to promise himself. All his misfortunes are at an end. I may hope, my happiness will be the fruit of this change.

It

It was late: we took leave of the Prince and the Count De B——. Before we left him, the latter desired to see Monf. D'Ornance and me in the morning. The Prince De ——, who had spoke of me during dinner in the most favorable terms, was desirous I should also be presented.

We have been at the levée this morning. The King, prejudiced in our favor by the Minister, condescended to speak to us both with the most distinguished goodness.

I desired very earnestly to see Corfange. I imagined Monf. D'Ornance could not refuse himself this satisfaction. The Count De B—— consented. "He is," said he, "confined at Vincennes."—We shall go thither, I believe, to-morrow; and the Count will accompany us.

I have not yet had a moment's particular conversation with my dear D'Ornance. Judge whether my heart is not even oppressed with joy. I have a little relieved it by writing to you.

Soon, very soon, I shall be the husband of my Julia!

Adieu!

ST. FORLAIX.

LET.

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L E T T E R LXXXI.

To Mons. DE ST. FORLAIX,
at Paris.

St. Forlaix.

YOU cannot doubt the extreme joy,
which the success, the exaltation,
the happiness, of Mons. D'Ornance, has
given me.

There are in this event all the circum-
stances which I should have wished, had
it depended on me to select them: the
general fame of his actions, the protection
of a great Minister, even the appearance
of dishonor removed, since Corfange is still
alive; and yet the very arguments I made

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use of to oppose this prejudice approved. How can Monf. D'Ornance now justify the letter he wrote to me under the name of Monf. De l'Etang; a letter which agreed so ill with the conduct he has observed!

One thing displeases me: it is, that Julia was not mentioned in those glorious moments. It was, I think, the proper time to inform the Count De B—— of your marriage with her; an opportunity the more necessary for you to embrace, as you have occasion for his power to take her out of the hands of Madame D'Eff—. Take care, however, when you speak of the latter, to palliate her conduct as much as possible. The fact, plainly told, would ruin her; and you are undoubtedly obliged to her for the manner in which she has for some time lived with Julia. You ought to consider, that if she persecuted your
mistress,

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mistress, it was because she loved you herself; and that a man in love, like you, should be ready to pardon the faults of which love is the cause. You ought particularly to remember, that you owe to her the rank you at present enjoy.

It is of no consequence by what means, or from what motive, she did you this service: your only business is, to be grateful. You will be sufficiently revenged, by her despair, when obliged to yield Julia to you. Your happiness ought to destroy every species of resentment.

I intend to leave this place in a few days for Paris. My desire to see Mons. D'Ornance again is extreme; a little self-love is perhaps here mixed with a great deal of friendship. I shall be very glad to bring him to confess, that I was right

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in all the points which he contested with me in his letter.

I am just returned from seeing Julia, and from seeing her alone. She has been some days indisposed. This circumstance, and the pleasure of giving her an agreeable surprize, prevented my telling her what had happened. She has lately affected to speak less of you. I believe she thinks seriously of conquering her tenderness : but this effort appears to me above her strength. If we even left her time to make the attempt, she would not succeed in it.

As I was going to leave her apartment, the Marshalls entered it. I took her aside, and, without informing her of particulars, prepared her for all which might happen. She pretended to take what I said as a jest ; or perhaps she really depends
on

MARQ. DE ST. FORLAIX. 153

on the greatness of her interest. She appeared to me, however, sensibly touched with an uneasiness, which she endeavored to hide from me. The guilty are alarmed at the least trifle; and though she does not know what has passed between the Minister and Mons. D'Ornance, I told her enough to excite her apprehensions.

I may then hope to see you happy! My afflictions will cease with yours. I never knew any but those which your misfortunes occasioned me; and I will take such care, that I do not believe they will get possession of me again.

Affure Mons. D'Ornance of the share I take in his joy. He also is a man whom I love too much.

DE PRELE.

H. 5.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

To Mons. D E P R E L E,
at St. Forlaix.

Fontainebleau.

YOUR letter came too late, Sir, for the good of Madame D'Eff—. Mons. St. Forlaix, though sufficiently wise to follow your counsels, is too young to have been able to foresee them. You will tell me, it was my duty to have given him these honest counsels. Certainly, if the Marshaleſs had appeared to me in the light ſhe does to you. But ſhe is only known to me by the violences ſhe has exerciſed againſt my daughter! She had no other right over her than her misfortunes,

tunes, if that can be called one. She has abused it in the most cruel manner.

I saw nothing in this proceeding which spoke humanity: I did not think a person who failed in this quality deserved to be treated with any extraordinary lenity.

Her passion for Mons. St. Forlaix, which in some degree alleviates her guilt; the services she has rendered him; her late attention to my daughter, which undoubtedly ought to lessen my resentment; were all circumstances equally unknown to me. I painted her to the Minister such as she appeared to me; as a woman, using to the destruction of her fellow creatures a power unworthily acquired. I promise to prevent the ill consequences of my representations, if possible.

H 6

I gave

I gave to your amiable nephew yesterday a faithful account of my behaviour towards him, since I have possessed the happiness I so long wished, that of knowing him.

He had observed some things in my conduct, which appeared to him contradictory. I endeavored to explain them. It is the first day, since Heaven has fulfilled all my wishes, that we have been able to give ourselves up to those effusions of heart which friendship renders so delicious. We had a thousand things to say to each other, a thousand assurances of affection to interchange. We knew not where to begin.

“ But why,” said Monf. St. Forlaix,
 “ why did you not open yourself to me,
 “ since you knew me? I should have had
 “ for

“ for you all those attentions which are
“ your due, independently of those which
“ were dictated to me by my friendship;
“ a friendship which would have been
“ greatly increased by this circumstance.”

“ It was those very attentions which I
“ wished to avoid. They would have been
“ the certain cause of my being disco-
“ vered.

“ It was besides essential to my design,
“ to owe nothing except to myself.”

“ Allow me now to ask, what reason pre-
“ vented your suffering me to make you
“ the confident of my love, when I should
“ have had so much pleasure in opening
“ my heart to you? You would have as-
“ sisted me with your counsels, to which
“ the interest you had in their success would
“ have given new force!”

“ I had

“ I had more than one motive for acting thus.

“ In the first place, if you had made me
“ the confidant of any intended indiscretion,
“ I should not have been able to conquer
“ myself so far, as not to hinder it ; which
“ was what I did not wish. I was certain
“ your indiscretions would be without consequence ; and I resolved to let you commit them, in order to correct you. Add
“ to this, that if I was ignorant of your
“ conduct, I did not lose sight of that of
“ my daughter. I wished, besides, to accustom you to confine your secrets to your
“ own bosom. The pretended necessity of
“ confiding them to a friend, is only the
“ mask which covers indiscretion. There
“ are sufficient subjects of confidence, without hazarding a secret in which others
“ are equally interested with yourself.”

“ Let.

“ Let me ask you further, how you can
 “ reconcile your letter to Germain with
 “ that which you wrote to Monf. De Prele,
 “ in the name of the Baron De l’Etang?
 “ The first favoured my marriage with
 “ Julia; the latter absolutely opposed it.”

“ That was also necessary to my design.
 “ If it had failed of success, nothing
 “ would have moved me to permit your
 “ marriage with my daughter. If it suc-
 “ ceeded, that marriage was the first object
 “ of my wishes. If, instead of supporting
 “ in its full extent the prejudice of which
 “ I asserted the necessity, permission is
 “ granted (as the Prince De —— has ad-
 “ vised) to persons in my situation to re-
 “ cover the rights they have innocently for-
 “ feited, it will be a public benefit, and
 “ serve to prove the prejudice really use-
 “ ful.

“ If

“ If you had married before the success
 “ of my attempt, it is possible the singu-
 “ larity of the action, its being the general
 “ subject of conversation, with the glory
 “ you have acquired, might have given the
 “ affair an advantageous turn. On this sup-
 “ position, it would have been unnecessary
 “ to act as I did. But if, as was too pro-
 “ bable, the contrary had happened, you
 “ would have been unhappy all your life.
 “ The part I took removed all risk. If
 “ it had not succeeded, you would not
 “ have married Julia, and therefore would
 “ have had nothing to apprehend.

“ The letter to Germain contained my
 “ true sentiments. They were still more
 “ clearly unveiled in that which I wrote
 “ to yourself at F—— in a counterfeited
 “ hand: both justify that which I wrote
 “ to Monf. De Prele.

“ What

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“ What I have said will enable you to
“ account for some other particulars which
“ may have surprized you in my conduct.
“ Believe that my project, of which I ne-
“ ver lost sight, was the true source of
“ them all. It has succeeded. With what-
“ ever passion I have wished this happiness,
“ I can scarce yet bring myself to believe
“ it real.”

This conversation, mixed with assurances of the most tender friendship, was followed by a deliberation on the measures we ought to pursue, in order to take Julia out of the hands of Madame D'Eff—. We determined to mention it to the Count De B—. We went for this purpose to his house this morning. I presented St. Forlaix to him as my son-in-law. He met with the most obliging reception.

“ I know.”

“ I know,” said he to him, “ with what
 “ courage you have always behaved. Your
 “ two families, already united by the same
 “ virtues, the same glory, and by friend-
 “ ship, deserve to be also joined by the ties of
 “ blood. Both will gain by becoming one.
 “ But,” added he, addressing himself to
 me, “ what have you done with Ma-
 “ demoiselle D’Ornance whilst you have
 “ been absent? why do I not see her
 “ with you ?”

I thought this a proper time to inform
 him of all I knew in regard to her situation.
 He blushed with anger, at finding how
 much he had been deceived, and how lia-
 ble the situation of Minister is to suffer
 deception.

“ Monf. D’Ornance,” said he to me,
 “ the affairs which prevented my going
 “ with

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“ with you yesterday will be finished to-day.

“ We will set out together to-morrow for

“ Paris. We will see your son in our

“ way; and on my arrival, I will teach

“ this woman, that no one shall with im-

“ punity sport with the Ministry, and the

“ orders of the King.”

We are preparing to leave this place to-morrow: it will be therefore unnecessary for you to undertake your intended journey to Paris, as we expect to be at St. Forlaix in a few days. I hope Monf. De l'Etang will not oppose a marriage, in which there is no longer any thing dishonorable. I intreat you to obtain his previous consent, and to make my assurances of friendship acceptable to him.

It will not be improper to make preparations for the ceremony. A young lover,
like

like St. Forlaix, may be supposed to feel an impatience, which his past unhappiness renders very pardonable. You will then take on yourself this care, and give orders in my name to Germain, to whom I have not time to write.

St. Forlaix has just been sent for to the Minister: I know not on what account. Be under no concern because it is not he who writes to you. I have still many thanks to return to you, for the kind interest you have taken in my happiness; but I reserve them till I can give them verbally. They will be more expressive, and for that reason more proper to paint those sentiments of esteem and affection which I shall feel for you as long as I live.

Adieu!

D'ORNANCE.

L E T-

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L E T T E R LXXXIII.

To Mons. DE PRELE,

at St. Forlaix.

Paris.

MONS. D'Ornance has told you, my dear uncle, that the Count De B—— had sent for me the day he wrote to you. I attended him instantly. He received me with his usual affability. After saying a thousand obliging things, he added,

“ You are going to enter into a family,
“ which has long been as respectable as it
“ is illustrious. Yours is as much so;
“ and, young as you are, you have already
“ done all that was necessary to support
“ its

“ its lustre. So proper a choice has de-
 “ served the notice of his Majesty. He
 “ has ordered me to congratulate you upon
 “ it, and to make you from him this mar-
 “ riage present.”—At the same time he
 presented me with a brevet of Major Ge-
 neral.

“ As this favor,” said I, “ cannot be a
 “ reward of my services, I shall regard it
 “ as a new obligation to devote my whole
 “ life to the service of the state.”

He conducted me immediately to the
 levee, to thank the King. I had the honor
 to be a second time presented to him.

This Monarch condescended to say to
 me, with his usual goodness, “ Monf. St.
 “ Forlaix, I expect from you a race of
 “ heroes !”

Be

Be assured, my dear uncle, I shall be very happy to answer his expectations.

I hastened to carry the news to my dear *Monf. D'Ornance*. He was as sensible to this favor as he had been to those which had been conferred on himself.

We attended the Count De B—— the next morning at his house, from whence we set off all together for Paris. We stopped first at Vincennes. *Monf. D'Ornance's* heart beat violently, and mine was not less agitated. We were going to see a man who had plunged us in the greatest misfortunes, who had been the cause of our shedding so many tears. But he had been sufficiently punished by his remorse, and by a confinement, in which we came to console him for a moment, but from whence we did not come to take him.

The

The Count De B—— desired to enter alone, that he might prepare him for our visit. He made us wait more than an hour, and then came back with a countenance inflamed, and an air which expressed the most lively sorrow. He looked at us without speaking. His eyes seemed to foretel a misfortune, which he wished us to divine.

“ He is dead !” cried Monf. D’Ornance eagerly.

“ We should then be too happy !” said the Count; “ he is escaped !”

This news affected us strongly. The Count De B—— appeared inconsolable.

“ He continued here but a short time,” said he; “ he escaped, and the people who

I

“ had

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“ had the care of him, hid from me this
“ cruel event, left the loss of their places
“ should be the punishment of their inat-
“ tention.”

The promises he made us to order a strict search after Corsange, did not calm our uneasiness. How could we hope to find a man who had escaped fifteen months before, and who had so much reason to conceal himself? If we were certain he was in any foreign country, our fears would be much less lively. What we dread is, that we may discover him by some new crime. Must we then live in continual apprehension!

We arrived yesterday at Paris, in the utmost anxiety and affliction.

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Monf. D'Ornance has this moment received the following billet from the Count De B——:

“ Hasten to me, my dear D'Ornance.
“ Bring with you your amiable son-in-law.
“ I have good news for you both.”

What news can he have?

I fly ———

(Wrote the next morning.)

Ah! my dear Sir! were you ignorant of this, or did you intend me this charming surprize? You certainly knew it.

It could only be the effect of your counfels.

We

We arrived then at the Count's. He conducted us into the saloon, where he begged us to wait a moment. He returned soon, leading with him two women, one of whom was — was my Julia! — Madame D'Eff — was with her. The latter first met my eyes, but did not long detain them. I saw only Julia, who followed. I gave a shriek — I fell at her feet the moment I saw her. I rose, and clasped her in my arms. She disengaged herself, to fall into those of her father. “ My father!” — she could say no more.

I pressed her and my dear D'Ornance alternately to my bosom. We mingled our tears, sighs choaked our utterance, we were unable to breathe. I kissed the hand, the robe, of Julia. “ Behold her!” said I, presenting her to the Minister.

Recovering herself, she blushed, and with the most charming modesty repressed my caresses. Constrained to discontinue them, I addressed my expressions of tenderness to her father, who received them with transport.

The Count enjoyed this affecting scene. Madame D'Eff—was sensible only to fear, to shame, and to despite. The Minister at length addressed her :

“ You see these young lovers, Madam ;
“ you see the caresses of a tender father,
“ and a beloved daughter. Their trans-
“ ports are so many reproaches to you.
“ Let the sight of their felicity be the be-
“ ginning of their vengeance, and of your
“ punishment.”

He

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He was going to proceed, when Julia and I fell at his feet, as if by consent.

"Pardon her," cried I: "you have loaded us with favors, will you refuse us this last."

Mons. D'Ornance joined us; and the prayers of Julia completed the victory.

"The care which Madame D'Eff— has taken of you," said the Count, "is her strongest recommendation."

Afterwards, addressing the Marshalefs, "I will shut my eyes on your past conduct, Madam," said he, "provided your presence at court does not remind me of it. Return to your estate; and, that

“ you may live happy there, endeavor to
“ forget your past errors, as I shall.”

She had nothing to reply ; she retired, and Julia had the goodness to attend her to her coach. She returned immediately. Our careffes were renewed. The Minister took a still greater part in them. He complimented Mademoiselle D'Ornance on her beauty, with which he was extremely struck ; and on her virtues, of which he had heard so much.

Her answers, full of her usual unaffected modesty, enchanted him ; and I had the pleasure of seeing her I loved as much admired by others as by myself.

We were impatient to leave Paris ; but the Count De B—— insisted on our passing this day with him. This complaisance
retards

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retards our marriage; but, after all he has done for us, we could not possibly have had less.

We shall leave Paris to-morrow. I shall see you in three days. I shall be with Julia, Mons. D'Ornance, and you! I shall be the husband of Julia! Ah, my dear Sir, can you conceive a greater degree of felicity?

Adieu!

ST. FORLAIX.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

TO MONS. DE PRELE,
at St. Forlaix.

Paris.

COULD you have believed, my dear uncle, that, in our present situation, we had still new misfortunes to apprehend? I am notwithstanding going to relate to you an event, which will make your blood recoil with horror.

I set out, with Mons. D'Ornance and Julia, on the day appointed for our journey.

We were not far from my sister's convent. It grew dark: we were surprized at seeing a prodigious flame rise at some distance

distance from us: the nearer we approached, the more we were convinced there was a terrible fire in the neighbourhood. The cries of the sufferers, the sound of bells, the tumult, did not leave us long in doubt. The fire was in the convent: one half of it was already reduced to ashes. I threw myself out of the coach. Monf. D'Ornance, in spite of my intreaties, followed me. We took all our servants with us, except the coachman, who stayed with Julia. We advanced across the still burning ruins. We saw the nuns, pale, aghast, weeping, lamenting, raising their supplicating eyes to Heaven.

I asked with a trembling voice for Henrietta: nobody listened to me. I sought her in vain amongst the crowd. One of the unhappy women at length heard me.

“ Alas ! Sir, she perishes. Her ex-
 “ treme weakness has not permitted her
 “ to escape as we have done. She is in
 “ that wing of the convent : it is not yet
 “ damaged ; but who will pass through
 “ flames and ruins, and hazard life in
 “ the attempt to save her ? ”

“ Her brother,” cried I, darting pre-
 cipitately towards the place, lest I should
 be stopped by Mons. D’Ornance : he in-
 deed followed, but it was to second me.
 We had just reached the place where she
 was inclosed, when the building fell at our
 feet with the most horrible noise. What
 was my despair at that moment ! My fran-
 tic cries sufficiently witnessed it.

If my friend had not prevented me, I had
 buried myself in the burning ruins. He
 with

with difficulty forced me from this spectacle of horror. A few paces from us, there passed a scene not less dreadful. The old priest who officiates in the convent, and to whose hospitality you were once obliged, terrified, appalled, his feeble limbs scarce supporting his body, ran notwithstanding round the court, with an air of wildness and distraction. The excess of his sorrow seemed to give him new force. He shed a torrent of tears. He filled the air with his cries. He called his son. He sought him every where; but the effort he had made on himself had wasted his remains of strength. He sunk down at our feet. We raised him up.

“ My son !” cried he, “ he abandons
 “ me ! He promised to be the support of
 “ my age. He is gone to lose his life in

“ the flames, into which he has thrown
 “ himself. He deserted me; I would
 “ have followed him. He did not hear
 “ my voice; I only found him to see him
 “ plunge himself into the greatest dan-
 “ gers; he has entered the convent.”

We endeavored in the best manner we
 could to console this good old man. A
 new cry made us turn our heads to the
 other side. We saw a man come out of
 the convent, in a state which excited all
 our compassion. He bore a nun in his
 arms. Flakes of fire, stones, beams half
 burnt and still blazing, fell around him, with-
 out his appearing at all affected. He walk-
 ed with intrepidity over burning coals.
 He exposed himself to a variety of perils,
 to turn them from her whom he had snatch-
 ed from the fire.

The

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The old man raised himself. "Great
Heaven!" cried he, "it is my son! it
is the happiness of my life!"

The young man was already out of the
court: he advanced towards us; we flew
to meet him. The good ecclesiastic fol-
lowed us. The nuns, those who came to
assist them, and who, despairing of extin-
guishing the fire, had abandoned the at-
tempt, all surrounded us.

The young man set down the nun on a
beam which had ceased burning, and threw
himself on his knees before her. He for-
got his pain. He thought only of suc-
couring her. The nuns, approaching their
dying companion, exclaimed, "It is sister
Henrietta!"

"My

“ My sister ! oh Heaven ! it is she !—
“ My sister ! it is indeed you whom I be-
“ hold !”

I held her in my arms. The young man, his face concealed by one of the hands of Henrietta, kneeled by her side : he pronounced her name, with a voice interrupted with sighs. The good priest spoke to him, but without being heard. I also pronounced the name of my sister. I endeavored to re-call her to life. She at length opened her eyes ; she sighed, she regarded the young man and me alternately.

“ My brother !” said she with a dying voice. She pressed my hands ; she carried that of the unknown to her heart, she held it there as if determined never to quit it.

“ It

“ It is thee !— it is thee !— I shall have
“ the happiness of expiring in thy arms—
“ Corfange ! my dear husband !— O my
“ God ! thou hast punished, yet rewarded
“ me !”

The name of Corfange penetrated even to my heart. It made Monf. D’Ornance shudder. He looked at the young man attentively. He had not quitted his posture. His groans made us all tremble.

I approached him — “ Corfange ! is it
“ you ?”

He made no reply. He drew his hand from me. This movement made him perceive Henrietta extended almost without life ; her eyes closed, the paleness of death on her lips. He thought her dead. Sor-
row

row drew from him a distinct exclamation—

“ She is dead!—I have lost my Henrietta!—Let them now claim this unhappy wretch.”

No more was necessary to Mons. D’Ornance. “ It is my son’s voice!”

Corfange turned about with horror, endeavoured to rise, staggered, and fell with all his force, crying in unutterable agony, “ My father!—Behold the stroke of my death!”

Mons. D’Ornance bathed with his tears his son, who had fainted in his arms. I supported Henrietta, whose weakness saved her a great part of this affecting scene.

The crowd which surrounded us were obliged to separate, in order to give a free passage to one who flew with precipitation towards us. It was Julia, agonized with

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with terror at the danger we had run, which she did not know we had escaped. She fell into our arms, dissolving in tears, which her tenderness and the pleasure of seeing us redoubled.

We could not partake her joy: our attention was fixed on Corfange, whose senses were returning, and on my sister, who endeavored to summon the little strength she had remaining.

I explained to Henrietta, in as few words as possible, the reason of her finding her lover again, after having believed him dead. She held out her hand, which he pressed with ardor to his bosom.

“I once more behold thee,” said she;
“I never expected this happiness. I taste
“it only in the last moments of my life.
“It

“ It is the more pure and perfect, be-
 “ cause this instant is the only one in
 “ which I could have enjoyed it with in-
 “ nocence.—Corfange! I have long re-
 “ pented of my weakneſſes. I have never
 “ one moment repented of having loved
 “ thee. Thy image has unceaſingly en-
 “ groſſed me in my retreat. Thou haſt
 “ never ſhared my heart but with the
 “ Supreme Being, to whom doubtleſs I
 “ ought to have given it without a rival.
 “ But can two ſentiments ſo different come
 “ in competition?

“ Adieu, moſt beloved of mankind!
 “ Thou haſt ſnatched me from the flames,
 “ but not from death.

“ I feel that my laſt hour approaches.
 “ I bleſs this moment, ſince Heaven per-
 “ mits me to paſs it with thee.

“ Adieu,

“ Adieu, Corfange ! Adieu, my brother ! Adieu, Julia ! Ah ! my dear friend, how often have I envied your virtues !”

She turned at last towards Mons. D'Ornance, and could not avoid trembling. This emotion was not of long duration.

“ I pardon you all my misfortunes,” said he, offering her his hand : she took hers from him, to give it to Corfange ; she pressed mine tenderly, breathed a sigh, and expired, pronouncing the name of her husband.

My grief was inexpressible. Corfange could not support the excess of his : he fell lifeless on the dead body of Henrietta. The good priest, melted with compassion, invited us to make use of his house, which
the

the flames had spared. We had Corfange conveyed thither: after which, we sent for the surgeon of the village. Our host himself took care of my unhappy sister's body, and, notwithstanding the sorrow with which he was overwhelmed, gave orders for every thing. We did not quit the unhappy brother of Julia. He was in a state almost too wretched to be described. His cloaths torn, his hair and eyebrows burnt, his head covered with wounds, his limbs mangled, rendered him a spectacle of the utmost horror. The surgeon told us he might recover; but the next morning, notwithstanding his opinion, Corfange sent to tell us he felt his death approaching, and intreated to see us immediately.

I went to his apartment, with Mons. D'Ornance and his daughter:

“Behold,”

“Behold,” said he, when he perceived us, “all those whose misfortunes I have occasioned. Pardon the unhappy man, who has caused you so much misery; think that in this guilty wretch you see a son, a brother, a friend; and that he is going to quit you for ever.”

Julia melted into tears: she would have embraced him; he prevented her.

“Do not let us soften each other too much,” continued he; “leave me force to render you an account of that part of my life which is unknown to you.”

We ranged ourselves around his bed.

Mons. D’Ornance was still in the attitude which he had taken on entering the room: he had that dark, that wild distracted look, which fixes on objects without seeing them:

this

this terrible moment seemed to have suspended all the faculties of his soul. The unhappy Corsange thus addressed us :

“ I do not know how I escaped from
 “ the dreadful punishment to which I was
 “ destined. At the instant when I was
 “ preparing to die, they came to inform
 “ me of my pardon. What pardon ? O,
 “ Heaven ! it was only a longer continu-
 “ ance of my torments ! I thought it of
 “ no value, but as it preserved you from
 “ infamy. I was confined in the castle of
 “ Vincennes, as you have undoubtedly
 “ been told.

“ I passed the first days there, my soul
 “ totally absorbed by the blow with which
 “ I had been threatened. But, in propor-
 “ tion as this idea vanished, the passions
 “ of my soul rekindled. Love especially
 “ took more empire there than ever. I
 “ could

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“ could not reflect without transports of
“ rage, that the very crime which I had
“ attempted as the means of possessing my
“ Henrietta had snatched her from me
“ for ever.

“ Notwithstanding all my struggles to
“ banish the tormenting remembrance, the
“ image of her I adored incessantly pur-
“ sued me. I saw her often in dreams.
“ She presented to me the dear pledge of
“ our tenderness. I held out my arms to
“ embrace them, but in vain. I awaked,
“ and saw only the bars and chains by
“ which I was confined.

“ After continuing a short time in my
“ prison, I obtained the liberty of walk-
“ ing alone in the courts. One evening,
“ when I had concealed myself behind a
“ buttress of the castle, and my keepers
“ imagined

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“ imagined me returned, I fixed some
 “ pieces of wood against the wall, and made
 “ use of them as a ladder to mount to the
 “ top. I descended on the other side, at
 “ the utmost hazard of my life, having
 “ no support but the rough points of the
 “ stones: I at length escaped, without
 “ meeting with any accident.

“ I reached Paris at midnight. Fear,
 “ precipitation, the joy of being at liberty,
 “ had not yet allowed me time to make
 “ any reflections. The most cruel ones
 “ tormented me on approaching the gates.

“ ‘ What shall I do, said I to myself,
 “ without resources, without means of sup-
 “ port? My acquaintance are those I
 “ ought particularly to avoid. I escaped
 “ from prison in the fond hope of again
 “ seeing Henrietta; but will this happiness
 “ be

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“ be allowed me? How shall I dare to
“ appear in a country where I am known?
“ If I am discovered, I lose for ever that
“ liberty which I scarce yet possess. I
“ shall lose it also, if I take the only step
“ which becomes me, the only one which
“ accords with virtue, that of throwing
“ myself into the arms of my father.
“ But should I not then have broke my
“ chains only to load myself with new
“ ones? should I not have risked my life
“ to see my Henrietta once more, without
“ having reaped any fruit from so perilous
“ an attempt?”

“ I questioned myself in this manner,
“ without being able to resolve on any
“ thing. I proposed means, and imme-
“ diately rejected them. Whatever part
“ I wished to take, appeared impossible
“ to be pursued. I was assailed at once by

“ every species of want to which human
 “ nature is subject, without the power of
 “ relieving any one of them.

“ The raging thirst which consumed
 “ me, occasioned a degree of weakness,
 “ which redoubled my speed, and increased
 “ my fear of being surprized. I traversed
 “ Paris, a prey to these reflexions. Every
 “ street, every house whose hospitable
 “ doors had once been open to me, seem-
 “ ed to refuse me entrance, and to re-
 “ proach me with my crimes, and my
 “ shame.

“ The day began to appear. I enter-
 “ ed into one of those miserable recepta-
 “ cles intended for the dregs of the peo-
 “ ple. I should have preferred that which
 “ was the most obscure. I wished not
 “ only to avoid those who might pursue
 “ me,

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“ me, but even to shun the looks of the
“ very lowest of mankind.

“ The condition in which I was could
“ only have served to discover me. Covered
“ with dust, my hair disheveled, my looks
“ wild and eager, my cloaths once good,
“ but injured by my flight and the roads
“ I had passed; made the master of the
“ house into which I entered hesitate whe-
“ ther he should receive me. I told him,
“ I was a foreigner, who had passed the
“ night at play; that, having lost all I
“ was worth, I had no resource remain-
“ ing, but that of selling my cloaths and
“ a few jewels of little value. I intreat-
“ ed him to render me this service, and
“ to shew me a room where I could be
“ alone. My air of openness and sincerity
“ removed his apprehensions. He brought
“ me a trifling sum for the things with

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“ which I had intrusted him. He made
 “ me pay very dear for my entertainment
 “ at his house, and the miserable cloaths
 “ with which he furnished me. I passed the
 “ day absorbed in the most gloomy and hor-
 “ rible ideas. As soon as night arrived,
 “ I again set out, without having considered
 “ whither to go, or how to regulate my
 “ future conduct.

“ Amongst so many reflexions on my past
 “ life, reflexions excited by my misfor-
 “ tunes, it was scarce possible for me not
 “ to have some on virtue. They were
 “ the only ones which satisfied me: cor-
 “ rupted as my soul was, it had felt re-
 “ morse. I had therefore already broke
 “ some of the chains which attached me
 “ to vice. ‘ Unhappy wretch! said I,
 “ thou givest attention only to a passion
 “ which has already plunged thee into a
 “ thousand

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“ thousand crimes! Dost thou merit to
“ have this tenderness returned? art thou
“ even worthy to feel it? Art thou not con-
“ tent with having dragged with thee, down
“ the precipice into which thou art fallen,
“ the adorable object whom thou oughtest
“ to have respected? Regard this Hen-
“ rietta, to whom thou hast dared to raise
“ thy hopes: turn thy eyes at the same
“ time on thyself, and blush at thy ill-
“ grounded expectations. What hast thou
“ done to obtain her hand? Thou hast
“ cruelly dishonored her, hast extended
“ this stain to all her family, hast attempted
“ to assassinate her brother. All these in-
“ juries, even including those which society
“ has received from thee, are fallen on
“ her: and thy heart still nourishes wishes!
“ Thou hast exposed thy life to gain a li-
“ berty which thou dost not deserve to en-
“ joy. Go, render it back into the hands

“ of thy father; and, by the sacrifice of
 “ thyself, preserve him from the fear of
 “ dishonor. It is the only means left thee
 “ of repairing part of the evils thou hast
 “ caused.”

“ Buried in this train of reasoning, I
 “ followed, without knowing it, the road
 “ to Ornance. The day began to dawn;
 “ I avoided all eyes, and was determined
 “ to pursue my road in the night only.

“ I perceived a church, the door of which
 “ was open. This was in all respects the
 “ retreat most proper for me. I deter-
 “ mined to conceal myself there the re-
 “ mainder of the day.

“ I had been in the church some hours,
 “ when I perceived a concourse of people
 “ which appeared to me uncommon. I
 “ inquired

" inquired the reason. They told me, ' that
 " I was in the convent of —, and that a
 " young novice was going to take the veil.'
 " —The fear of being seen by so many
 " people, obliged me to retire. As I
 " prepared to go, the young victim ar-
 " rived. She was accompanied by very
 " few persons. She passed by the place
 " where I stood. What became of me, at
 " recollecting my Henrietta!

" I felt agonies impossible to be de-
 " scribed; my whole frame trembled, my
 " limbs failed me, and I fell senseless on
 " the ground. The spectators were sur-
 " prized: they surrounded me. They
 " supposed me attacked by some sudden
 " illness; and, for fear of interrupting
 " the ceremony, conducted me out of the
 " church.

“ This fatal ceremony was at an end
“ when I came to myself. I wished to
“ return to the convent; so strongly I
“ feared, or rather desired, to be mistaken.
“ The intelligence I procured confirmed
“ the testimony of my eyes. Despair seized
“ my soul. I in vain reflected that I had
“ myself forced Henrietta to the step
“ which she had taken.

“ My reason condemned, but did not
“ conquer, my sorrows. ‘ I will never
“ abandon her I love, cried I with trans-
“ port; I will finish my life in the place
“ which she has chosen for her retreat!’

“ I was going to seek a place proper
“ for the design I had formed, when the
“ worthy ecclesiastic who belonged to the
“ convent, and who had seen me fall, per-
“ ceived me, and advanced towards me.

“ Without

" Without endeavoring to discover the
 " cause of my afflictions, he wished to sof-
 " ten them, and offered me an asylum in
 " his house. I accepted with gratitude a
 " kindness which was so very consonant
 " to my views. His mild and pleasing con-
 " versation diminished insensibly the weight
 " of my sorrow; and the example of his
 " innocent life made those shoots of re-
 " ligion grow in my heart, which my vices
 " had almost choaked up,

" I employed one part of my time in
 " the care of his garden; I passed the
 " other in the holy offices of the church..
 " I had the pleasure of hearing in the
 " choir the voice of my Henrietta. It
 " sufficed. I constantly returned more
 " content, more tranquil, than I had gone
 " out.

K 5

" I began

“ I began to taste happiness in this obscure situation ; when one day at church, listening as usual for the enchanting sounds of my Henrietta's voice, I was surprized not to hear her.

“ The next morning my anxiety redoubled. I inquired, the following day, the cause of this absence. What did I hear?—My Henrietta was ill—was on the bed of death. This dreadful news tore open those wounds which were not yet healed. St. Forlaix saw me in this state. It grew every day worse. You were witness of the last fatal event. The alarm awaked us. Scarce were we out of the house, when our eyes were struck by the flames which rose from every part.

“ I could

“ I could only exclaim, ‘ Ah ! my Hen-
 “ rietta ! ’— I forced myself from the arms
 “ of my friend, who endeavored in vain
 “ to retain me. I threw myself into the
 “ flames, and entered the convent. I search-
 “ ed every part of it a long time to no
 “ purpose. I saw at length a cell, the only
 “ one the door of which was shut. With
 “ one stroke I burst it open..

“ I perceived my Henrietta, weak, lan-
 “ guid, expiring. I knew the sound of
 “ her voice. She pronounced my name..

“ ‘ Henrietta ! see at thy feet that hus-
 “ band on whom thou callest ! ’

“ She started with surprize and terror.
 “ It was not long before she knew me.

“ She fell into my arms. The strength
“ which love had lent me enabled me to
“ bear her thence. You know the rest.
“ I saved her from the flames, to see her
“ perish in my bosom. Henrietta, thou
“ art now with the God of mercy! If the
“ soul preserves in another life the sen-
“ timents with which it was strongly af-
“ fected in this, implore his pardon for a
“ guilty wretch, who offended him for
“ thy sake, and whom he has sufficiently
“ punished, by his misfortunes, by his re-
“ morse, and above all by the loss of
“ thee.

“ Great God! it was not thy will we
“ should be joined on earth. May I hope,
“ we shall soon be united in thy pre-
“ sence!”

Tears

Tears prevented Corsange from saying more; they at length ceased. He employed his last moments in intreating us, as a last indulgence, to obtain permission that he might be buried, in the same coffin, by the side of his Henrietta.

His supplications to us for pardon greatly exceeded his offences. We endeavored in vain to restrain our sorrows; they broke out in spite of us. His father mixed his tears with ours.

We retired, at the desire of Corsange, and sent to him his reverend host, with whom he devoted the few moments he had to live to the duties of religion. They came soon to inform us of his death.

We

We judged it improper to bring you our sorrows; we returned to Paris, which was also much nearer than St. For-laix.

We have obtained, though with some difficulty, of the Bishop, the favor which Corfange so ardently desired. We have taken the compassionate ecclesiastic with us, who cannot, he says, except in our society, console himself for the loss of his dear son.

You will judge how long this event will retard our marriage. It has left us an impression of sorrow, which would ill agree with that ceremony, and which time alone can dissipate.

We

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NO We shall be at St. Forlaix in eight days.
What occasion have we for you, my dear
uncle, to assist us to dry our tears!

Adieu!

St. FORLAIX.

LET

LETTER LXXXV.

To Mons. DE PRELE,
at Varoncé.

St. Forlaix,

IS it possible, my dear Sir, that you should persist in the cruel resolution of living at a distance from us? If it was hatred that induced you to make this resolution, though the motive would be more afflicting, we should complain less of your absence: we should not then desire to see you, as it would be only presenting to your eyes objects which they would see with displeasure. But it is because you love us that you abandon us!

You

You pretended business. It was with the utmost reluctance we suffered you to go; we find your absence irksome and tedious: yet neither the letters of my father or of my husband can prevail on you to return. And you alledge, as the only reason for this separation, the apprehension of feeling too much friendship for us; whilst we, ungrateful as you are! set no bounds to our affection for you.

You know how tenderly we love you; and you hope, by ceasing to see us, you shall learn to love us less. This design is very cruel. You would deserve our hatred, if you were capable of succeeding in it. You urge, that because you have loved us too much, you have felt our misfortunes too severely. Have then neither my arguments nor my tenderness been able to destroy this inhuman prejudice? can you,
who

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who allow no prejudices in others, be thus strongly attached to your own? are not the afflictions you have experienced a powerful reason for your making yourself amends by a sight of our happiness? and can you yet doubt that our pleasures would be doubled by your partaking them?

Return, my dear uncle, to her whom you have condescended to distinguish. Come, and see her more happy as a wife than she was miserable as a mistress.

Contemplate my dear St. Forlaix's caresses, observe the tenderness with which I return them; and then believe our sentiments an hundred times more lively than our expression. Come, and see again a father, whose affection to his children softens the firmness of his soul, and leads him to give them even the most infantine marks of it.

But

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But why do I amuse myself in painting to you a happiness of which you were yourself some time a witness? Believe me, my dear Sir, if it has suffered any change since you left us, it is only become a thousand times greater. A pledge of our love also expects you. He will soon see the light. Come, and give him the first kisses.—Perhaps I should have been silent on this subject; you will be afraid of having a new being to love.

If you have sufficient hardness of heart to be insensible to the sight of our felicity, return to console me under the terror, to which I shall soon be exposed. You owe this to me. The profession my father and St. Forlaix have embraced, allows me the happiness of seeing them only a part of the year. When duty calls them, they run to
glory,

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glory, and leave me a prey to anxiety and affliction. It is at that time you are necessary to me.

I then want consolation. Can you remember the delight I had in softening your sorrows, and yet refuse it me?

You will tell me, these very sorrows are what you would avoid. You are afraid your friendship should render them more lively if you were with us; and that the loss of any one of us would embitter the rest of your life.

Ah! my dearest uncle! Is not sensibility as indispensable a debt as any other duty? You are not permitted to turn your eyes from the unhappy. You owe them your cares, your tenderest compassion. If death takes one of us from you, you ought to bear your part in the sorrows of those who survive.

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survive. The only means to fill the void which this loss might leave in your heart, would be to love more tenderly those which remain.

Come to us, at least, for a few days. The child which I carry conjures you to it. Do you wish his birth should be clouded by the displeasure of not having you near us?

Have you forgot that the days which you passed with me were always too short? have you forgot that you yourself said often jestingly, it was difficult to know whether you or St. Forlaix were the favored lover? and is it for this tender attachment you would punish your friend?

You allow remembrance to dwell only on the pains you have suffered, and forget
the

the pleasures which you owe to those very moments.

My dear uncle! this would not be a philosophic indifference; it would be the blackest ingratitude.

We will send the coach for you. Germain shall be there to attend you; the faithful Germain, who would prefer distress with us, to the greatest affluence elsewhere; who was in tears, because we offered him an advantageous establishment; and declared, he should look on it as the most cruel dismissal, if we persisted in endeavoring to make him happy at a distance from us. He still manages our affairs with full authority, and without giving any account. He refuses to marry, lest his attachment to a wife and children should lessen his zeal for our service. Does not Germain set a lesson to one whom I know?

MARQ. DE ST. FORLAIX. 215

Be assured that, if you do not return to St. Forlaix, we will all come and reside at Varoncé, from whence we will never suffer you to go.

Remember, that if you can taste happiness at a distance from your friends, they have absolute occasion for your presence to render their felicity perfect. *

JULIA DE ST. FORLAIX.

* Mons. DePrele yielded to the solicitations of his niece. He was convinced with her, that happiness is consistent with loving tenderly. There is no appearance of his having repented.

F I N I S.

MAKING DESTROYED

For the purpose of this work, it is necessary to have a good knowledge of the principles of the art. It is not enough to know the names of the things, but you must know how to use them. This is the first principle of the art. It is the foundation of all the other principles. Without it, you cannot proceed.

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